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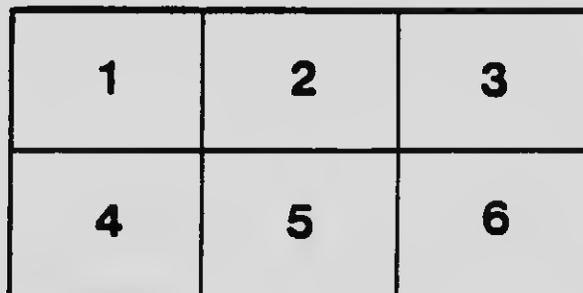
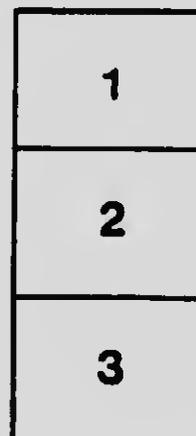
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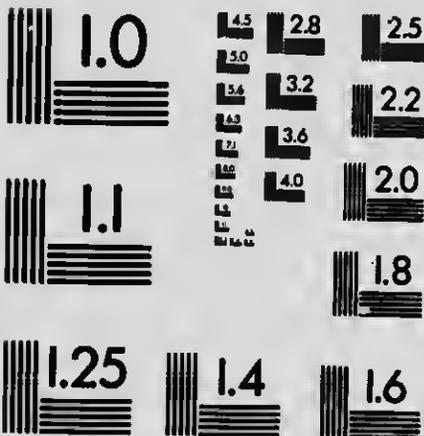
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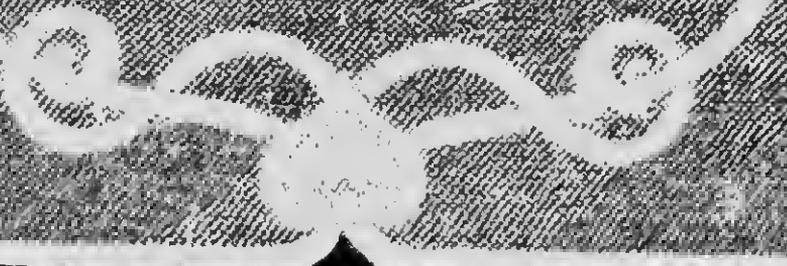
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OF THE

SEA

BY

LYMAN C. SMITH



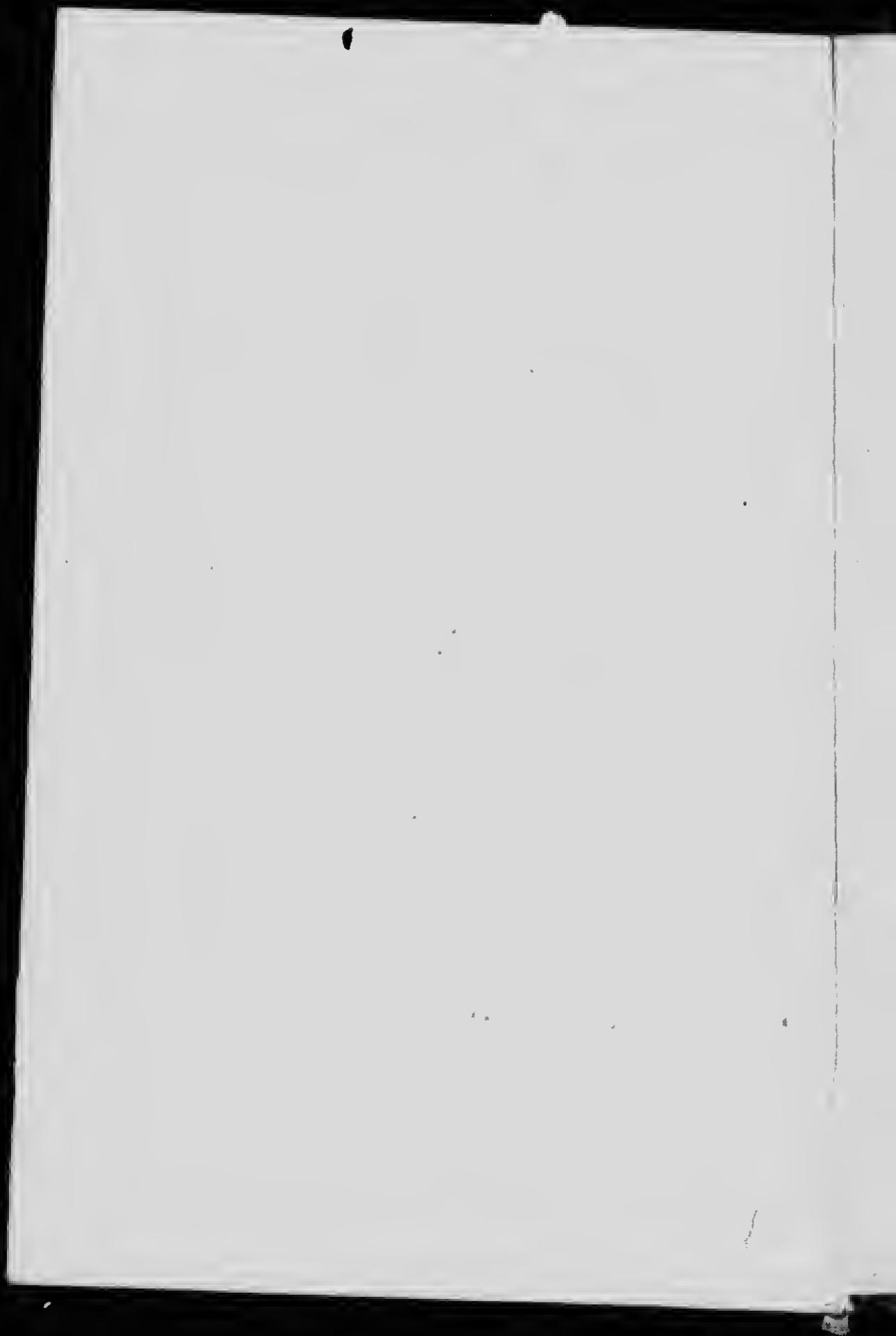
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**A BLOSSOM  
OF THE  
SEA**  
**AND OTHER POEMS**

*By Lyman C. Smith*

**NEW AMSTEL MAGAZINE COMPANY  
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LYMAN, C. S.

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## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---



**G**O, LITTLE BOOK, thy silent lips unseal  
For all that plod life's valleys glad or drear;  
The secrets of thy maker's heart reveal  
To all that deign thy simple words to hear.  
Disclose what joys or griefs have swelled his breast,  
What pleasures cheered, what bitter trials vexed,  
What hopes encouraged, or what doubts distressed  
In darker hours when mysteries perplexed.

These musings on his way, not darker made,  
Nor brighter, than for thousands more beside,  
May aid some soul dejection to evade,  
Or glad some baffled bosom sorely tried.  
Go, little book, thy silent lips unseal,  
The purpose of thy maker's heart reveal.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

**A** WREATH of blooms,—or what are blooms to  
me,—  
Meek wayside dwellers with the clustered weed,  
Nor fairest nor the best that deck the mead,  
Nor what I might have gathered were I free  
To leave my ordered path and nearer see  
The streams, whose distant call I hear, that lead  
The leisured foot where banks of sweetness feed  
With floating balm the height and level lea,

I proffer these to bring what cheer they may  
To all that hurry on the crowded way:  
For me, the breathings of their fragrant lips,  
Their modest faces peering from the sod,  
The touches of their velvet finger-tips,  
Have cheered the darkest valleys I have trod.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### SHADOWS

#### I.

to

○ EARTH, colossal charnel heap,  
To thee all life must tribute give;  
Thou dost the dead of ages keep,  
Shalt be the grave of all that live.

There is no morsel of thy mould  
With wreck and waste of life unblent;  
The dead thy heaving waters hold,  
The dead are in thy bosom pent.

The bloom that lifts a timid face,  
The oak that braves a tyrant blast,  
Shall feel the chill of thy embrace  
And mingle with thy dust at last.

The countless tissue-pinioned things  
Fulfil their slender hour and fall;  
The bird that to the zenith springs  
Thy sordid clods at last enthrall.

The worm that mines a winding cave,  
The ant that drills thy flinty crust,  
Shall find their sunless home a grave  
And add their atom to thy dust.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Below thy heaving mounds are hid  
The dead of ages all unknown;  
The cliff is but a pyramid  
That holds the dead embalmed in stone.

The chalk-built height a mound of shells  
From which the fragile life hath fled;  
Thy restless ocean foams and swells  
O'er slimy deeps of shapeless dead.

The mammoth huge in forest gloom,  
That crushed with stolid step thy mould,  
Thy winter-fettered sands entomb,  
Or sunken bogs imprisoned hold.

### II.

O Earth, from days of dawning time  
Hast thou been steeped in purple flood;  
The monsters of the early prime  
Contending drenched thee in their blood.

The timid fawn the lion tears  
The brooding dove the eagle takes,  
The swallow cleaving summer airs  
Of whining gnat a victim makes.

The stronger rend the shrinking weak;  
Nor Life her tribute may deny,  
For these with sanguine claw and beak  
Must sate a craving maw or die.

## *And Other Poems*

---

But man with more undying wrath  
The trail of slaughter hath pursued;  
The taint of blood is on his path,  
His brow with brother's blood imbued.

No inch of soil his foot hath pressed  
But human ashes roof it o'er;  
And not a clod upon thy breast  
But bears the tinge of human gore.

No Alpine snow undyed is found,  
No cave with unbesprinkled stones,  
No plain unmarked by charnel mound,  
No sea unpaved with human bones.

In all the dim uncounted years  
Too many are the ways of death:  
The arctic chills,—the tropic seres,—  
The desert blasts with poison breath;

Fierce toil unceasingly consumes,—  
The glare of molten furnace blights,—  
Disease the cradled infant dooms,—  
Contagion half a nation smites,—

Gaunt Famine glides through glebe and town;  
They stifle in the dismal mine,—  
Thy yawning bosom gulfs them down,—  
They choke in swirls of seething brine.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### III.

O Earth, thou art the nurse of life!  
O Earth, thou givest man his breath!  
Then why this universal strife,  
And why this carnival of death?

Is man in all the doom and din  
But plaything for the whirling gust?  
Is Life—this life that stirs within—  
A passing eddy in the dust?

Is Life a stream whose winding maze  
Must end in Death's eternal shoal?  
Is Life the transitory phase,  
And Death the last and final goal?

Yet from the wreck and waste of dead  
The varied forms of being spring:  
From ashes, from the husk and shred  
Thou dost in turn the living bring.

No tree may rise from nut mature  
Unless the parent nut be riven;  
Is this thy changeless law and sure  
That life for life be ever given?

The hidden records of thy breast,  
If rightly we their secret read,  
Declare thy fixed and stern behest,  
"The low shall pass; the high succeed."

## *And Other Poems*

---

Can this forever be thine aim?  
Is this thy purpose and thy plan,  
From all the fallen wreck to frame  
The higher type, the perfect man

Afar the eye we backward strain:  
The wave is fenced with dyke of stone,—  
The marsh is gone,—the monster slain,—  
We dream the world is better grown;

We dream what is and what hath been  
Are atoms of a mighty whole  
That, guided by a hand unseen,  
Is moving to a final goal.

But what the goal? Unknown—unknown—  
The fronting mists are hard to part:  
We grope through shadows dim and lone  
And follow whispers of the heart.

JANUARY, 1902.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### THE AUCTION

**A**T THE low sunken doorway an auctioneer stood,  
And he and the crowd were in jocular mood,  
For before him about on the walk were displayed  
The goods of a debtor whose rent was unpaid—  
Old-fashioned and shrunken, disfigured by wear,  
Unvarnished, and broken beyond all repair.

"A collection of articles here I present  
Such as never to hammer of auctioneer went.  
Of their value as relics I need but remark  
That Noah secured them to furnish his ark.  
A garden unpeopled this world might have smiled  
Had these not the gloom of that voyage beguiled.

"Now, here is a bed so decrepit and old  
It leans for support as it stands to be sold;  
Its tremulous wails of rheumatic distress  
Tell the twinges of pain that it cannot suppress.  
Who bids for an article useful and cheap,  
A bed that makes music to lull you to sleep?

"Here's a fine chest of drawers. Allow me to state  
'Twas the first Adam made when he left Eden's gate.  
Mother Eve kept her bonnet in this, while in that  
You'll yet find the band of his best Sunday hat;  
While here, as a proof it was once Mother Eve's,  
Are a few relics left of her garment of leaves.

## *And Other Poems*

---

"Here's a chair: and you'll say, when it closely you  
view,

That Adam could never have made more than two.  
On that he perched Abel; on this he raised Cain;  
That this is the cane chair is perfectly plain.  
It will rock without rockers, for 'mong its good points  
Are double back-acting and flexible joints."

While he jested and jeered without ceasing the crowd  
As they bid or they listened laughed hearty and loud.  
But apart, on the margin, dejected and sad,  
Stood a grey-headed woman all shabbily clad.  
No smile at the auctioneer's wit could you trace,  
But the tears trickled fast down the wrinkled old face.

For she thought of a day when that chest was her  
pride

And the one precious boast of a new-wedded bride;  
She thought of the gown and the bridal array  
That once nestled there neatly folded away.  
Those few scattered leaves were a love-gift of old,  
But the hand that bestowed them was crumbled to  
mould.

And this was the chair where that loved one reposed  
When the darkness his long day of labor had closed,  
When with strength in his arm and with hope in his  
breast

In the struggle of life he had stood with the best.  
And this was the chair where he day after day  
Sat pallid and strengthless and faded away.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

And this was the bed, when no more he could rise,  
When the light of another world shone in his eyes  
And illumined his cheek, where he sank down at last  
And lay while the years drifted languidly past;  
Till, one dismal morning, here clasped on his breast  
The thin, shrunken fingers at last found a rest.

On that old creaking couch after day's weary round  
For forty long years he a rest nightly found;  
And now on that couch after life's weary close  
He found from its toil an eternal repose:  
No more the lip quivered with half-suppressed pain,  
No pang broke the peace of his slumber again.

When the auctioneer next took a wee baby's chair—  
The one single piece yet untarnished by wear—  
Again rose the vision of ne'er-forgot years,  
Again burst the stream from the fountain of tears,  
And there broke from her lips such a moan of distress  
That it told more of anguish than words could express.

In the lone happy days of the long, long ago,  
Had she pleaded with Heaven a child to bestow.  
The Lord heard her cry, and, in answer, of those  
Best-beloved by the angels the dearest he chose.  
Its hair into ringlets their hands had caressed,  
Its cheeks into dimples their fingers had pressed.

Its face wore the joy of the glad seraph throng  
When they circle the altar and burst into song;  
Its brow had been smoothed by the Lord's shining  
hand,

## *And Other Poems*

---

Its lips had been touched with His red altar-brand.  
The heart-winning ways that endeared it above  
Awoke all her dormant affection and love.

And this plain little chair for the child was a throne  
Where it prattled and sang in a low musing tone  
Of the wonderful world it had dwelt in on high:  
And the glad-pinioned years flitted tranquilly by  
In a radiant clime of ineffable peace,  
For she dreamed that her happiness never could cease.

But all that the angels can suffer of pain  
They felt, and they pined for their darling again.  
So downward they stole at the close of the day  
Where restless and flushed on the pillow it lay.  
It slept while she fondled each pain-moistened tress—  
It woke at the touch of an angel's caress.

The casket was broken, the treasure was gone;  
Though childless and widowed she long struggled on;  
But in all of her poverty, hunger and pain  
Her lost baby's chair she contrived to retain.  
But now, as she gazed through the mist of her tears,  
'Twas the one verdant plot in the desert of years.

The chair he uplifted. The crowd nearer pressed  
Expectantly waiting the auctioneer's jest;  
But his ear caught the cry and the moan of dismay,  
And the half-uttered jest on his lips died away;  
For he saw on her face the mute look of despair  
And he read at a glance all its history there.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

The hammer he dropped, from his station he went,  
He flung to the landlord the trifle of rent;  
The chair in the hands of the mother he pressed,  
Who hugged it convulsively close to her breast,  
And silently lifted her tear-streaming eyes  
Where gratitude mingled with joyful surprise.

The crowd saw the act and they gave him a cheer:  
If the chord's rightly touched it will ever ring clear.  
He found her a shelter from tempest and cold,  
And it lacked not her store of the treasures of old.  
With his hand and his heart moving thus in accord,  
He felt something higher than earthly reward.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### SABLE ISLAND

*[Many years ago a young lady was coming out to become the bride of an English officer stationed at Halifax, when the vessel was caught in a fog and wrecked on Sable Island. The lady was the only one saved, and succeeded in reaching land, but the wreckers, attracted by her dress, and especially by a ring she wore, robbed her and then cast her into the sea.]*

#### I.

**E**ASTWARD leagues from Nova Scotia,  
Where across the lonesome levels  
Silent, shrouded spectres creep,  
Long and low lies Sable Island  
Like the fabled ocean serpent,  
Stretched in curves of lengthened winding  
Slumbering on the sleepless deep.

There for ages have the Tempests,  
Maddened scavengers of ocean,  
Flung the refuse from their hands;  
There have tumbled in confusion  
Stifled crews and shattered vessels,  
Jeweled chains and silken mantles,  
Shifting with the shifting sands.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### II.

Years ago a gallant vessel,  
Oaken-ribbed and snowy-pinioned,  
O'er the heaving azure pressed:  
Morning pointed hands of glory,  
Evening down her shining pathway  
Beckoned on with flaming beacons,  
Guiding to the golden West.

Day despatched her racing rivals,  
Fluttering torn and tattered canvas,  
Speeding through the upper blue;  
Night within his gay pavilion,  
Bending low in loving homage,  
Down upon the path before her  
Star-enwoven garments threw.

On the shores of Nova Scotia  
Stood a gallant soldier lover  
Waiting for his coming bride:  
In her far-off English mansion  
Heads were bowed and hearts were lonely,  
Loving lips were pleading lowly  
For their darling and their pride.

Peering onward through the shadows,  
In the dimness of the dawning  
Stood she on the deck alone:  
Fairer was she than the Morning  
When he wears the flush of waking,

## *And Other Poems*

---

When the misty loosened tresses  
Lightly from his brow are blown.

Limpid were her eyes and bluer  
Than the beaming liquid azure  
Of the sky-bemocking deep;  
For the voyage now was ending—  
Ere the Angels of the Dawning  
Passed again their golden portals  
Would she into harbor sweep.

Voices from the verge of homeland  
Seemed to fall in fainter echoes  
Ever dying on her ear;  
While in tones becoming clearer  
Came a call across the waters  
From the glowing land of sunset,  
Every moment growing near.

From the margin of the homeland  
Hands that closely clung in parting  
Stretched across the swelling surge;  
Yet her longing heart impelled her  
Where the hand of lover beckoned  
Onward to the land of promise  
On the ocean's western verge.

### III.

Never arms of mother pressed her,  
Never lover's hand caressed her,  
Never answered she their call;

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Stronger arms were stretched to hold her,  
Ruder lips caressed and colder,  
Louder came a call and bolder,  
More imperative than all.

From the land of gloom and shadow  
Noiseless came the spectres gliding—  
Sheeted forms whose ghostly hands  
Folded round the fated vessel  
Blinding veils and wreaths of vapor,  
Led her where she plunged and floundered  
In the sinking, oozy sands.

Then the Tempest and his legions,  
Ranged in rushing crested squadrons,  
Sweeping down with boding roar,  
Struck and overthrew the vessel,  
Trampled canvas, mast and banner,  
Bore away the bride and tossed her  
Breathless, fainting on the shore.

Cruel were the sheeted spectres,  
Tyrannous the trampling tempest,  
But more cruel yet was man.  
Waking from her swooning slumber,  
Weak the sodden shore she wandered,  
When a boat with wreckers laden  
To the shallow harbor ran:

Fiends that quench the warning beacon,  
Set the death-alluring signal,

## *And Other Poems*

---

Greedy hover for their prey;  
Ruthless, hungry ocean vultures,—  
Pirates of the wrecked and stranded,—  
Ghouls that rob the dead and dying,  
Nor the living shun to slay.

Here they found the hapless maiden  
Straying on the barren shoreland,  
Helpless, shelterless, alone.  
Pendent over velvet mantle  
Hung a gleaming golden necklace,  
While the jewel of betrothal  
Flaming on her finger shone.

Into waiting boat they bore her,  
Spoiled her of her costly mantle,  
Rudely wrenched away the chain;  
But her hand, with death's convulsion,  
Tightly clenched the precious love-gift,  
And to force it from her finger  
All their efforts were in vain.

Wrathful at the maid's resistance,  
Off they smote the snowy finger,  
Seized the jeweled golden band;  
Then the maiden, bruised and bleeding,  
Flung they from their floating shallop:  
Shrieking sank she in the surges,  
Holding high her wounded hand.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### IV.

Long the lonesome lover lingered,  
Long the mother interceded  
With the deaf, unheeding wave;  
Though the months to years were growing,  
Ship nor sailor brought *him* tidings;  
Naught but mocking, moaning echoes  
To *her* cry the ocean gave.

In a seaport of Acadia  
Was the ring at last discovered,  
Once the treasure of the bride.  
And the roving wretch that sold it,  
Lying in a home of mercy,  
Conscience-tortured, horror-haunted,  
Gasped the ghoulish tale and died.

### V.

Still when ghostly mists are gliding  
Near the coasts of Sable Island  
Is a slender maiden seen  
Lifting hand with severed finger,  
Passing like a fleeting shadow  
Over shallow sea and shoreland,  
With a sorrow-troubled mien,—

Seeking, restless and bewildered,  
'Mid the misty maze of waters,  
Where her westward path may lie;  
Ever thwarted, ever turning,

## *And Other Poems*

---

Ever more perplexed she wanders,  
Searching for her vanished jewel,  
With a tender plaintive cry.

There amid the maddest tumult  
Of the Tempest, hoarse with passion,  
One the maiden's moaning hears  
Sinking to a sobbing whisper,  
Swelling to a scream of terror,  
Till beneath the bubbling billows  
Swift the phantom disappears.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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### LAMENT OF A SKELETON

*[Near Mentons, in France, has been unearthed in a cave, under a large accumulation of later deposits, a grave containing two skeletons, evidently those of a man and a woman, lying side by side, with trinkets scattered around. These were all removed to the museum.]*

I·N AGES gone, when Time and Earth were young,  
We trod the wildness of the swampy gloom  
Where night of horror ever round us hung;  
We heard with awe the mighty billows boom  
And break upon the beach with sounding crash;  
We saw the rivers delve their dykes of stone,  
Or burst the barriers of the hills and dash  
Primeval monarchs from their seated throne.  
Within the pathless forests we pursued  
The mighty monsters; or for life we fought,  
And when the snarling savage lay subdued,  
His shaggy spoils for food and vesture brought  
Within the murky hollows of our cave.  
Where jutting shelves of jagged rock were piled  
On shapeless shattered walls, and gave  
A dismal shelter from the winter wild.

We lived our lives. With zeal we blindly did  
The lowly task allotted us,—with crude  
Materials of the early world amid  
The rugged cliffs to make a pathway rude

## *And Other Poems*

---

For after-feet to widen and improve:  
For all the generations of the past  
Have merely builded for the hosts that move  
Through many windings to the height at last.  
We lived our lives: and when the summons came,  
Our rude but reverent sons assembling, laid  
Us side by side within the cave—the same  
Dim cave that held us living—all arrayed  
As when in life. Then round about they set  
Utensils of our dwelling, few but dear;  
Crude-shapen gods and beaded amulet,  
And in our hand the ready blade and spear;  
That we might take our long untroubled rest,  
And, when the wakening came (foretold  
By haunting whispers of the secret breast),  
Arise again as in the days of old,  
Equipped and ready, even here perchance,  
Within the precincts of our former home,  
Frequented paths to traverse, or advance  
To lands afar beyond the sunset foam.  
Long ages rolled away. Fierce tribes of men  
Abode and wandered near our lowly bed;  
Succeeding monsters came and went again,  
And left their whitening bones above our head.  
But though the darkness had not wholly ceased,  
Though still we lay in silent restful sleep,  
No prying savage man nor prowling beast  
Profaned the chamber of our slumber deep.  
But now, when all with waking morning thrills,  
And shadows fleet are sweeping to the west,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

When light is flushing all the eastern hills,  
Unhallowed hands have broken on our rest.  
The robe of clay, the panoply of dust  
That Nature for the soul immortal weaves,  
Is heartless left for every wandering gust  
To scatter widely as the Sibyl's leaves.  
Our graves their desecrating hands have marred,  
And stolen all the treasures prized in life—  
Our gods, the clustered beads, the flinty shard  
We shaped with toil to arrow-head or knife.  
Our bones they sever from enshrouding dust  
And for a curious, gaping crowd retain,  
Who in our eyes unfeeling fingers thrust,  
Explore the caverned hollow of the brain;  
The wasted relics of our frame compare  
With those of ancient men of other lands,  
Or even brutes that grovel in a lair,  
Of mumbling, speechless lips and artless hands;  
The lips that note of music never framed,  
That never trembling with emotion prayed,  
At rolling rhythmic numbers never aimed,  
Nor raptured throngs to thrilling passion swayed;  
The hands that never planted, tilled a field,  
Nor built enduring shelter from the storm;  
That never shaped a garment rude to shield  
From cold and chilling blast the shrinking form;  
The hands that never scooped a hollow grave  
Nor reared memorial for a fallen mate;  
The lips that never Sorrow comfort gave  
With whispered vision of immortal state;

## *And Other Poems*

---

The lips that never mellow sweetness blew  
From sounding pipe amid the evening shade ;  
The hands that never lines of beauty drew,  
Nor with enwoven rainbow colors played :  
Dull brutes of thoughtless mind, as is their own,  
Who, looking merely at the outward shape  
And not the inward soul, so blind have grown  
They cannot tell the man from blinking ape.  
When comes the hour, ah, how shall we arise  
Equipped and ready for the mighty change ?  
With what amaze shall we uncloze our eyes  
'Mid stranger faces in a dwelling strange !  
Our scattered relics to the grave restore,  
Replace the chaplet round the dreaming head,  
Pollute our sacred resting-place no more,—  
Will not the gods avenge the sleeping dead ?  
Are not the ashes of thy parents dead ?  
What bitter anguish thine, shouldst thou behold  
A stranger rend the mound to grope, and peer  
For treasured keepsake 'mid their sacred mould,—  
From faded hair to loose the clasping band,  
The fallen eardrop from its dust to cull,  
To snatch the circlet from the fleshless hand,  
And set for ghastly show the grinning skull !  
It makes the desecration none the less  
Because a score of centuries have flown,  
Because our sons may not the wrong redress,  
Who too have slumbered countless years unknown.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

A granite tomb, whose ponderous iron gates  
Display thy gilded titles deep encrolled,  
Upon a grassy slope of sunlight waits  
Thy chambered ashes ever safe to hold:  
But Time can cleave thy monumental stones  
And gnaw the massy iron bars to rust;  
The sun may whiten yet thy scattered bones,  
And winds may strew the desert with thy dust.  
Our lowly chamber then no more profane,  
Restore to strengthless hand the precious blade,  
Here let the beaded chaplet still remain  
Upon the brow, by loving fingers laid;  
Then smooth my bed and let me slumber on,  
My bride enfolded to my pulseless breast.  
And then when all that loved thee too are gone,  
Secure mayst thou in vaulted chamber rest.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### SEMPER EADEM

*[In the British Museum is the mummy of a little princess with a wooden doll still clasped in her arms.]*

I N THE DIMNESS of ages agone,  
Where the Nile water glimmered and flowed,  
In a ponderous palace of stone  
A dusk little princess abode.  
Though gloomy and weird was the hall,  
And frowning the huge colonnade,  
A flutter of light seemed to fall  
Wherever the little one strayed.  
Her eyes had the darkness aglow  
And the love of the springing gazelle;  
Her voice was a dream-brook aflow  
With an echo of silver-lipped bell.  
The maiden was nimble and fleet  
And graceful as moon-loving fay,  
The fall of her diligent feet  
As the patter of wind-fluttered spray.  
She fitted like bird unconfined  
Where columns colossal uprose,  
Where sad-featured sphinxes reclined  
In the strength of their stolid repose.  
And ever with dusk little arms  
A doll to her bosom she held,  
And murmured its manifold charms  
To the deaf granite monarchs of eld.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

And oft as she prattled and played,  
A queen-mother's amorous eyes  
From dark drooping lashes betrayed  
A languorous gleam of surprise.

Though pillared with ponderous stone,  
Yet Death through the palace gate crept;  
At the touch of his magic unknown  
The maiden grew languid and slept.  
The queen-mother bent o'er the maid,  
Her dark lashes drooping with tears  
As the form she composed and arrayed  
For the silence and slumber of years.  
The doll she had loved and caressed  
And every heart-secret had told  
Was pillowed again on her breast,  
Enclasped with the fervor of old.  
One earth-love, at least, would be nigh,  
Though near her no mother might stand  
To answer her wakening cry  
In the halls of the Shadowy Land.

The days have now lengthened to years,  
The years into ages have grown,  
The sphinx-guarded palace uprears  
No longer its masses of stone;  
The huge, granite column sublime  
Is fallen or crumbled to naught;  
But Ruin and ravaging Time  
No change in the sleeper have wrought.

## *And Other Poems*

---

She sleeps as she slumbered of old  
When she peacefully sank to her rest,  
And the dusk little fingers yet hold  
The mother's gift close to her breast.  
Does she wait for a low-whispered tone,  
The touch of a soft-resting hand,  
The pressure of lips on her own  
Ere she wake in the Shadowy Land?

O Sleeper of breathless repose,  
Thy slumber is restful and long,  
Thy lips will no secret disclose  
Of the Land where the Silences throng.  
Yet, speechless and still as thou art,  
Thou teachest that kingdoms may wane,  
But the longings and loves of the heart  
Forever unaltered remain.  
We must love: to the earthly we turn,  
For the earthly is near us and fair;  
In our heaven no joy we discern  
If the loved of the earth be not there.  
The heart, in all ages the same,  
Will worship at altars of clay,  
But shudder and shrink when the flame  
Has flickered and faded away.  
Forever the same is the heart,  
And firm and unshaken its trust  
That Death does not finally part,  
Nor man ever slumber in dust.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### THE QUEEN

I SAW her when the midnight summons came  
That called her from a maiden's happy sleep  
To all the cares and glories of a throne,  
When, through the trembling tears, her eyes revealed  
Her childhood resolution "to be good."

I saw her at the bridal altar stand,  
Unfettered by "conveniences of State,"  
And link her hand—where Love had linked her heart—  
To one whose heart made music to her own,  
Whose hand alike had skill in kindly deeds.

I saw, when children played around her knee,  
She ne'er forgot the *mother* in the *queen*;  
But, in their busy simple ways of life,  
She taught their early lips her love of truth,  
Their feet the path to Duty and to God.

I saw her when the sudden Herald came,  
Who claims the best from hut or princely hall.  
She bowed her queenly head in human woe,  
Then, unforgetful of the bitter smart,  
Resumed the doubled weight of life, alone.

## *And Other Poems*

---

I saw, from wider realm than ever bowed  
To ancient Rome in her imperial day,  
Her thronging sons assemble round her throne  
And, with a freeman's fervent homage, greet  
The peerless queen, who, thrice a score of years,  
Had built her surest empire in their hearts.  
They came from mapled slopes, from burning Ind,  
From Afric plain and ocean isles afar—  
Not terror-driven by a victor dread  
Whose chariot rims were dripping with the gore  
Of millions trampled under iron heels,  
But love-impelled by one that drew them nigh,  
As teacher of the gentle arts of peace,  
As model queen, who wore a mother's heart  
That beat or throbbed at human joy or woe.  
What marvel that the fount of feeling broke,  
And that her eyes with grateful tears were dim,  
To find the task of weary years approved  
By all the myriads of her ample realm!

I saw her when the reverent world stood hushed,  
And silent waited for the coming stroke  
That cleft the links of earth, and set her free  
To join the lost companion of her youth  
Who long had waited on the Hills of Morn.

What richer meed has mortal ever won?  
She leaves the realm the better for her reign,  
The home the purer for her blameless life,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

The sceptre brighter for her stainless hand.  
The bell of Time has rung the hour of rest;  
She calmly lays the robe and sceptre down  
And sinks to deep repose. Her task is done,  
Her childhood promise kept—she has been "good":  
The Lord has therefore given length of days.  
And now, when all the millions of the earth  
Have thrice approved the glories of her life,  
She fearless waits the judgment of her God.

January, 1901.

## *And Other Poems*

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### REX MORTUUS EST, TAMEN VIVIT

*"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."*

**B**UT LATE we bowed and wept his mother's loss;  
Too soon his feet have trod her way of death;  
His promise was to follow in her steps;  
Too faithfully has he that promise kept  
And followed where her steps no more return.  
Achilles chose a short, eventful life,  
And sought and won his fame by warlike deeds:  
Eventful too and brief was Edward's reign,  
But he has won a richer meed of praise  
By wisely guiding hostile lands to sheathe  
The eager sword and doff the brazen helm.  
The only monarch since the dawn of Time  
To walk supreme and win the world's applause  
Yet be in thought and deed a Prince of Peace;  
And therefore shall they call our Edward blest  
And name him with the children of our God.

Britannia's ancient foe, ambitious Gaul,  
Won by his wise and gentle words, now stands  
Unhelmeted, a brother by her side.  
And he who wields an iron sceptre o'er  
The hosts diverse of Europe's widest realm

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Abates his wrath at touch of Edward's hand.  
And even he whose restless spirit keeps  
In ferment Europe, seemingly has found  
In milder counsels truer wisdom lies,  
And holds in check his martial hosts awhile.  
The alien foes that battled fierce and long  
On native veldt forget the bitter feud,  
And, yielding to his wish, unite and meet  
Where Boer and Briton counsel side by side.  
Won by his genial heart and proffered hand,  
Across the sea a kindred, once estranged,  
Warmed by the thrill of common Saxon blood,  
Revere a man that was a king indeed,  
And closer draw the bonds of brotherhood.

The truest and the best beloved of kings  
Whether at home or in the realms abroad ;  
Preserver of all dignity and grace,  
Discreetly wise, discerning well the hour  
To speak, and speaking then the fitting word,  
Regardful of his office high, full well  
His dying lips may tell of duty done.

Dwelling unrivaled in his people's hearts,  
He freely walked among his own, nor feared  
The stealthy dagger of a lurking foe.  
Above all faction strife exalted high  
He held the balance with an even hand ;  
Nor he the target for the bitter shafts  
Shot from the bows of venal pamphleteers,

## *And Other Poems*

---

Nor victim of the dastardly cartoons,  
Degrading to the office and the land,  
Subversive of respect and reverence.  
A democratic king that lived and thought  
And labored only for his people's good,  
Bowed with his weight of care, yet to the last  
Regardful of his duty—such a king,  
And such a reign, to all the world attest  
The wisdom, garnered for a thousand years.  
That reared on Britain's isle a stately throne  
And placed a sceptre in a kingly hand—  
The surest pledge of stable government;  
A kingdom, yet a true democracy,  
Where, though the people rule, a king may reign  
And toil and serve all his allotted days.

From graceful pine a pine alone can spring,  
From fragrant roses naught but roses grow—  
Son of a sire, as patron of the Arts  
And Sciences, beloved and honored yet  
Though half a busy century has fled,  
Son of a mother who, although a queen,  
Was yet a queen of mothers, who, in heart  
Snow-pure, kept all her court unstained—  
Of such a mother and of such a sire  
A worthy son has England's Edward been.

The pledge he gave the nation he has kept;  
He loved his own and loved them to the end,  
And for them labored to his latest breath.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

No more can mortal claim than duty done.  
Man among men, king among kings he stood;  
Now, summoned from us to a higher throne,  
He waits the judgment of the King of kings.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### AMBITION AND PRAISE

*"I charge thee Cromwell, fling away ambition."*

AMBITION fling thou not away,  
Except the baser kind;  
Nay, rather strive to bring in play  
All virtues of thy mind.  
'Tis both the duty and the right  
Of every earnest man  
To mark afar the distant height  
And reach it if he can.  
Let not a talent buried lie;  
Swift follow Thought with Deed,  
For winged life is flitting by  
And instant is the need.  
Awaken every dormant power,  
Its fullest service give;  
Relax not till the latest hour,  
Life's every moment live.  
With dauntless energy of soul  
Each nerve unwearied strain  
To reach the very farthest goal  
Thy genius may attain.  
If thou outrun the foremost van,  
Relinquish not the strife;

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

For he is nearest perfect man  
That makes the most of life.  
If honest lips with praise reward  
Thy honest word or deed,  
Contemn it not, nor disregard,—  
Accept it as thy meed.  
Too seldom far a noble fame  
A noble life repays;  
Too many are the lips that blame,  
Too few that utter praise.  
If in our purer thoughts we trust  
Some merit God may see,  
The praises of the good or just  
Unfitting cannot be.  
Then seek deserts of honest worth  
By honest judgment given;  
Who wins the praises of the earth  
May win the praise of Heaven.

March, 1900.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### OUR CITY COUSIN

SHE leaves the city dust and heat  
To walk among our meadows sweet,  
'Neath Gothic arms of elms to stray  
And couch amid the waving grass,  
To watch the lights and shadows play  
On dimpled waters as they pass,  
That hastening over pebbled ways  
In gurgling tones of gladness praise  
The circling grove of cedars cool  
That shade their home, the glassy pool.

The morning clouds of changeful hue  
Were isles afloat in seas of blue.  
She saw afar in sunset sky,  
Enwapt in soft and fleecy fold,  
The angel children dreaming lie  
On purple pillows fringed with gold;  
She saw the noontide shadows deep  
Like ghosts across the meadow sweep,  
And shining chargers swift pursue  
O'er hill and dale till lost to view.

For her the winds in billows rolled  
Our ripened wheat as molten gold

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Or lightly touched the crested oats  
That lay like level seas between,  
Or swayed each tasseled staff that floats  
On isles of maize the streamers green;  
Our groves were homes for prayer and thought,  
Whose very hush and silence wrought  
A tone of sweetness never heard  
In fluted strain or spoken word.

The minstrels of the dawn would meet  
To break with song her slumber sweet;  
The horses listen for her tread,  
And curve the glossy neck and stand  
With pointed ear and nostril spread  
To win caress of silken hand;  
The lowing kine assembled all  
When summoned by her ringing call,  
And gazed with dark and dreamy eyes  
Where love was mingled with surprise.

The fruits and blossoms on the farm  
Had each for her a novel charm:  
The berry dwelt in hamlet green,  
With streets that wound in tangled maze,  
Where faces rose from leafy screen  
In clustered groups to peer and gaze;  
The sumach torches held aglow,  
The cherry bending branches low  
Extended tinted finger-tips

## *And Other Poems*

---

To dye in deeper red her lips.  
The vine a leafy hammock hung  
By airy finger lightly swung;  
To catch her gown the roses leant,—

    Their clinging hands her step delayed,  
But while the head in blushes bent,  
    The honeyed lip excuses made;  
A fairy music seemed to dwell  
In Morning Glory's swinging bell,  
And snowy lilies of the shade  
In tiny tones a tinkling made.

Yet amply too the city maid  
The country cheer to us repaid;  
Her motions had the airy grace  
    And fleetness of the woodland fawn;  
A light seemed breaking o'er her face  
    That promised ever brighter dawn;  
The touches of her dainty hand  
Had magic of a wizard's wand,  
For where her busy fingers wrought  
They all to ordered beauty brought.

To ornament our barren rooms  
Her pencil imaged clustered blooms,  
Or dreamy, shadow-haunted nooks  
    Where dusky twilight ever dwells,  
Or grassy banks and winding brooks  
    Where herds had hushed their clanging bells.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Her dainty fingers garments shaped  
In simple, artful beauty draped,  
Where needle traced the graceful line  
Of tinted leaf and trailing vine.

When softly glowed the twilight star  
She told us tales of lands afar,  
Or sang us songs that hushed the heart  
    To all the calm of eventide,  
In low, rich tones, till tears would start  
    That smiling lip could hardly hide;  
And when the keys her fingers swept,  
Such rapture o'er our senses crept  
That in our dreams the tones we heard  
Of tinkling rill and piping bird.

Or oft some ballad would she read  
That prompted breast to noble deed;  
Or lyric lay of sweet content  
    That made some lowly heart divine;  
Yet to the thought her reading lent  
    An added charm to every line;  
For when she read and when she sung,  
A richness dwelt upon her tongue  
That every bosom thrilled and stirred  
To rapture at the poet's word.

## *And Other Poems*

---

She sat where orchard gold and shade  
Upon her loosened tresses played—  
The tree took from its yellow hoard  
    An apple which the fragrant sap  
With treasures of a year had stored,  
    And flung it lightly in her lap—  
Then I who loved her dearly too,  
My offering of devotion threw,  
A heart with true affection rife,  
The gathered treasures of my life.

And thus the cheery city maid  
Has in our country cottage stayed;  
For here beside me now she stands,  
    My bride of twenty years ago:  
There still is magic in her hands,  
    As I and all the neighbors know;  
Their touch is balm for every pain  
Of saddened heart or fevered brain,  
They still can deftly touch the string  
Or home to ordered beauty bring.

The sounds and sights upon the farm  
For her have never lost their charm:  
For mystic notes pervade the air  
    And o'er the quiet spirit steal,  
And forms of beauty everywhere  
    Their ever changing shades reveal;  
The herds at pasture each and all

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Will come in answer to her call,  
And fondly still around her press  
To share her silken hand's caress.

And all the neighbors feel as well  
Her presence casts a fairy spell:  
Like hers, have grown their dwellings bright;  
    Serener shines the morning sun,  
And Duty feels the burden light  
    When Beauty's feet before her run;  
A pure ray the breast inflames  
With sweeter joys and higher aims;  
Their fruitful lands a charm disclose  
And bud and blossom as the rose.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### A CHILD'S QUESTION

MOTHER, tell me what is death,"  
Said my little maid to-day,  
Coming from a neighbor home  
Where her playmate silent lay.  
"When we die, we journey far  
Past remotest shining star,  
Onward to a distant gate  
Where eternal mansions wait."

"Mother, tell me what is death,  
Bertha is not gone away,  
For I saw her clad in flowers  
Lying on her couch to-day."  
"Death is like a slumber deep  
When the weary soundly sleep,  
Where no passing vision stands  
Haunting with its shadow hands."

"Mother, tell me what is death—  
Bertha is not sleeping now;  
She is cold, and did not wake  
When I bent and kissed her brow."  
"Long that slumber is and deep;  
Ere she wakens from her sleep  
In the arms of earth she must  
Mingle with her kindred dust."

## A Blossom of the Sea

---

"Mother, tell me what is death.  
If in dust my Bertha lies,  
How can she awake or dwell  
Far beyond the glowing skies?"  
"Bertha's *form* alone will sleep:  
This will earth enfolding keep;  
But her *soul* is gone afar  
Past remotest shining star."

"Mother, tell me what is death.  
More and more obscure it grows.  
What is this you call *the soul*?  
Tell me *where* and *how* it goes."  
"Child, I know not what is death.  
Bosom void of heaving breath—  
Changeless pallor of the cheek—  
Hueless lips that will not speak—  
Hands that clasp not as of old—  
Lids that nevermore unfold.  
These I see, but cannot tell  
How is wrought the sudden spell.

"What we mortals call the soul  
Comprehends no human mind;  
Best we know its presence here  
From the blank it leaves behind.  
O the transformation vast  
When the viewless guest has passed,  
Taking all that wins and thrills,  
Dimpling blush and warm caress,—

## *And Other Poems*

---

Leaving what repels and chills,  
Pallor, cold and nothingness.

"All the noble, great and good  
Since the dawning hour of Time,  
All the hordes in homeless wood,  
Arctic wild or torrid clime,  
In the lonely silent hour  
When this viewless guest has power  
Faintly hear an inner voice,  
Constant as a distant wave,  
Whisper of an endless life  
And a land beyond the grave.

"In the silent midnight hour,  
When the things of sense depart,  
When the inward listening ear  
Hears the beating of the heart,  
In the hush I too have heard  
Solemn tone and mystic word  
Chanted by the hidden guest  
In the chamber of my breast.

"I, upon the summit won  
In our struggling slow advance,  
Through the mist of elder days  
Turn and cast a backward glance.  
Down the pathways of the Past  
Comes the beating tramp of men  
Sweeping o'er the levels vast,  
Thronging mountain steep and glen :

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Ruddy youth with sturdy tread,  
Wrinkled age with bowing head,  
Ordered hosts and scattered hordes,  
Pressing to the fatal fords.  
Though they shudder, pause and shrink,  
Yet, when trembling on the brink,  
All expectant look before  
For the viewless father shore,  
Whence, perchance, a distant gleam  
Breaks afar across the stream.

“Since through all the maze of years  
From the early dawn of Time,  
Crouching slave and sceptered lord,  
Born of every age and clime,—  
Since the millions of the past  
Have, until their latest breath,  
Trusted in a world that lies  
Just beyond the fords of death,—  
Since I hear this inward voice  
Whisper of the life to be,—  
Since to every mortal born  
Comes the whisper as to me,—  
I believe the soul exists,  
Though its form I cannot see;  
I believe in world afar,  
Past remotest shining star.  
But, my maiden, what is death,  
What the misty waters hide,  
You nor I shall ever know  
Till we cross the darkened tide.”

## *And Other Poems*

---

### ON A DOG BURIED IN HIS MASTER'S CLOAK

**M**E, WHEN yet the dawning light  
Scarce had broken on my sight,  
Clad in sable silken coat,  
Home my future master bore:  
Snowy ermine at my throat,  
Glossy, wavy locks I wore.  
When, of playful kin bereaved,  
I with plaintive whimper grieved,  
Loving tone and soft caress  
Banished all my loneliness.

Him to love I early learned,  
For his constant presence yearned;  
Swift his bidding I obeyed,  
Fetched and carried at command,  
Amplly happy if repaid  
With caresses from his hand.  
Watchful o'er his little child,  
All his infant cares beguiled—  
Winter cold nor summer heat  
Ever stayed my willing feet.

Trusty guardian I lay  
Near his portal night and day.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

When his coming step I heard  
With a hearty welcome hied,  
Never missing kindly word,  
Pacing proudly at his side.  
For he loved me living; shed  
Tears of pity o'er me dead.  
In his mantle close enrolled  
Here I slumber in the mould.

Earnest mortal pause and ask,  
"Hast thou done thy Master's task?  
Hast thou kept His home, thy heart,  
Safely guarded night and day?  
Listened for His tread, to dart  
Forth to meet Him on the way?  
Hast thou on His errands fared,  
For His feeble children cared?  
Then, in mantle from His breast  
Closely folded thou shalt rest."

December, 1898.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### A VIEW OF DEATH

**W**ITHIN a vale of darksome depths, where rolled  
A maze of cloudy vapor, foul and dank,  
I met a shadow pale. Beneath the cold  
And steely terror of his gaze I shrank;  
A winter chilled the chamber of my heart;  
I trembled at his cruel, threatening brow  
And fleshless fingers poisoning jagged dart;  
I cried with hollow voice, "Oh, what art thou?"

"Men call me Death," the pallid spectre said,  
"And all their fear and horror may devise,  
At my approach they shudder in their dread;  
And yet I am a friend, though in disguise.  
I take the aged when the eye is dim  
To all the charms of earth, when dull the ear  
To all its wondrous music, when the limb  
No more the shaking form may bear, when dear  
And tender friends have wandered now  
A down the vale of years beyond recall;  
I close awhile the eye, the wrinkled brow  
I smooth to restful peace, and bear them all  
To waken tearless in the Happy Isles  
Where skies are cloudless blue, where ceaseless flow  
The fountains of immortal youth, and smiles  
Of greeting come from friends of long ago.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

"Steel-sinewed men, hard toiling at their task  
From dawn to dark, till shoulders bend and bow  
As though with weight of years, and wrinkles mask  
With stolid lines the youthful lip and brow,  
Who see no dawning through the darkness loom,  
Nor ever star a transient gleaming throw  
Upon the desert, black, devoid of bloom,  
Where Youth is endless toil, and Age is woe,—  
These oft I bear away on sudden wing,  
And in a moment ope their weary eyes  
On lands of rest and blossoms sweet, that bring  
The glow and gladness of a first surprise.

"The happy maiden, flushed with joy and health.  
While loving friends unnumbered round her throng,  
Whose path is strewn with all the gifts of Wealth  
And brightened with the strains of morning song,  
I still to sleep with perfumed opiate,  
Afar convey on noiseless pinion swift,  
Where at the parted agate portal wait  
The daughters of the angels. As they lift  
The veils of slumber from her dreaming face,  
They kiss her lip and cheek to wonted glow,  
Unloose her braided hair, then interlace  
Her form with twining arms, and straying go,  
In converse low, across the happy fields,  
By drooping waters, opal-palaced streams.  
And pathways of a paradise that yields  
A joy beyond the fairest of our dreams.

## *And Other Poems*

---

"The pure, unblemished blossom, angel-borne  
From gardens of our God,—before the fire  
Of noon has blighted, or the blast has torn,  
Or heedless feet have crushed it in the mire  
Till tender head may nevermore uplift,  
Nor slender stem, nor waxen petals fair,  
But blacken into shapeless dust and drift,—  
I raise and back to Heaven's garden bear.  
The babe, who : lips but lisp the early word,  
Upon the gateway verge of garnet stands  
With fair white feet,—the curls of amber stirred  
By nectared winds, the little beck'ning hands  
Outstretched, the eyes expectant peering through  
A depth of blue less clear than is their own.  
It sends a voice—the earthly voice, yet, too,  
Enriched and sweetened to a seraph tone—  
Far past the shining flight of floating spheres,  
In ever fainting echoes ringing on,  
Until at last the list'ning mother hears  
The pleading call as in the days agone,  
And lifts her eyes, long drooped and drowned with  
tears,  
In glad surprise, and comes with willing feet  
Her child among the garden walks to meet  
And share the gladness of the endless years."

I raised my eyes. The valley depths were bright  
With all the glory of a springing dawn ;  
I saw a shining Angel of the Light,  
Whose hand had just the veil of Heav'n withdrawn.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### THE DESERTED HOUSE

**M**Y FRIEND'S deserted home I passed:  
The portal wide was open thrown,  
Across the threshold snows were blown  
And heaped by every vagrant blast;  
Within, a dainty hand had cast  
A counterpane of whitest wool  
And eider pillows fluffed and full.

Ah! once from out that open door  
My friend came hasting forth to meet  
The faintest murmur of my feet.  
I here shall see her face no more;  
Her bark is launched to reach a shore  
Whence, of the myriads that have crossed,  
None re-embark, or all are lost.

They sail a never-changing tide  
That ever ebbs but never flows,  
Where never wind but outward blows,  
Where inbound vessels never ride.  
As far in misty glooms they glide  
We gaze with unavailing tears  
And sighs that never reach their ears.

## *And Other Poems*

---

But whither flows the changeless tide,  
And whither blows the steady gale,  
What seas unknown their barks may sail,  
What isles of green they have descried,  
The misty glooms forever hide  
From us, who watch, our vision strain  
To pierce the blinding mist, in vain.

Why may they not recross the stream?  
Why never comes returning sail  
To bear our yearning hearts the tale  
Of lands whereof we catch a gleam  
But far and faint? Or, do we dream  
Of shady groves and fragrant leas  
On restful isles in summer seas?

And does the onward current sweep  
Their vessels to the sudden verge  
Of yawning swirls of foaming surge  
And shroud them in Lethean deep?  
Or, do they, ever homeless, creep  
O'er seas unknown and ever tossed,  
In blinding glooms perplexed and lost?

O'erhung by clouds without a rift,  
Embarking in a shallop frail  
With unaccustomed oar and sail,  
Amid the mists that never lift  
Must each adown the current drift:

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

No lip shall else the secret learn,  
What lies beyond no eyes discern.

Her bark perchance hath cleft the gloom  
And, sliding into purple sea,  
Hath touched a land of level lea  
And limpid stream, where planets loom  
O'er palm-empillared banks of bloom:  
She there, as erst, beside the gate  
May now my early coming wait.

What beacon then shall thither guide?  
For if alone, when I embark,  
I ever thread the maze of dark  
And never, never reach her side,—  
If I with her may not abide,  
I care not what abyss may keep  
Me whelmed forgotten fathoms deep.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### TO MIRIAM

#### I.

O DAINTY, fairy Miriam,  
I cannot deem thee gone,  
But as of old thy loving heart  
To neighbor dwelling drawn.

Awaiting here thy swift return  
I hear thy tripping feet,  
I see thy glad uplifted eyes  
Aglow with welcome sweet.

In vain, alas, in vain I wait  
And long thy face to see,  
For thou to me wilt not return,  
But I shall go to thee.

If He that holds of Life and Death  
The keys in loving hands  
Should open wide the shining gates  
Where each in glory stands,

And freely offer me the choice  
To leave or take at will,  
My heart would leap to claim its own:  
My heart is human still.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### II.

Within thy distant mansion dwell  
No kindred thou hast known,  
And all its unfamiliar ways  
Thy feet must tread alone.

O mother, in that world afar  
Long entered on thy rest,  
Whose whisper dried my early tear  
When cradled on thy breast,

O meet my lonely little one  
In yonder world of bliss,  
Bestow on her the care and love  
Thou gavest me in this.

O take her by the little hand  
So often laid in mine,  
And guide her unaccustomed feet  
To meet the Friend divine.

### III.

I wonder where thy home may be  
In yonder realm afar;  
I see thee bask on rosy cloud,  
Or peer from limpid star.

## *And Other Poems*

---

I see the imprint of thy feet  
In every glowing sky  
Thy whisper hear in every breeze  
That steals reluctant by.

In every note of piping bird  
That greets the flushing dawn  
I hear again the cheery tones  
Of happy days ago.

And when by evening's cooling breath  
My troubled brow is fanned,  
I feel again the mute caress  
Of lingering loving hand.

Dost thou, as ever, hover near  
To comfort hearts that grieve?  
Or do again my erring sense  
And yearning breast deceive?

### IV.

What new and dainty beauties now  
Thy heart and hand employ,  
That found in pretty things of earth  
Their one enduring joy?

Dost thou frequent the fragrant meads  
Where freshest blooms abound.  
And garlands weave on shadowed banks  
By rills of dreamy sound?

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

What rapture and surprise are thine  
Amid the ardent throng,  
When breaks on thy delighted ear  
The primal seraph song?

Are yet thy darling lips attuned  
To chant the glad refrain,  
Or do they still a note reveal  
Of earthly love and pain?

Dost thou ne'er come when wide the gates  
Their crystal bars unfold  
And earthward cast a longing glance  
To all the loved of old?

### V.

I cannot deem with earthly days  
Thy little life is o'er,  
That all thy gentle, pretty ways  
Are lost forevermore.

Though Science teach that future life  
Is but a yawning void,  
It still maintains whate'er exists  
May never be destroyed.

If energy can never cease,  
But merely suffer change,  
This fettered life may find release  
And wider regions range.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Though flame extinguished by the blast  
To us may seem to die,  
Its vital breath has only passed  
To mingle with the sky.

Though broken stem and withered leaf  
May lie upon the ground,  
The flower's fragrant soul has fled  
Beyond the azure round.

The taper by the breath outblown  
May be relit again ;  
The wave upborne on vapor wings  
May redescend in rain.

Then rob me not of that wherein  
My only comfort lies,—  
That life shall find a fuller life  
Beyond the morning skies.

If this my dearest hope be vain,  
If earthy life be all,  
Then hasten, Death, to dim my lamp  
And drop thy darkest pall.

### VI.

Canst thou with new immortal powers  
Thy fuller life has brought  
Outspeed the lightnings of the sun,  
Outwing the fleetest thought?

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Canst thou explore the bounds of space,  
Or sweep the planet's round,  
Unveil the dim remotest sphere  
In azure deeps profound?

Canst thou with clearness comprehend,  
Unclogged by mortal breath,  
The hidden mysteries of Life,  
This darker one of Death?

Canst thou discern how Earth and Heaven  
Are linked by viewless chain,  
And yet thy early entrance there  
Can rend this heart with pain?

### VII.

What constitutes the lasting joy  
Of thy abode supreme  
Whose bliss eternal so transcends  
Our wildest mortal dream?

Does he that moulds the flaming sphere,  
And wheels it through the sky,  
Unaided shape the silken bud  
And blend its dainty dye?

Or, since the *busy* hand alone  
Can *here* enjoyment find,  
Has He each reawakened soul  
A fitting task assigned?

## *And Other Poems*

---

Who drapes in mist the mountain's brow  
Or swathes in purple fold?  
Who piles aloft the castled clouds  
And builds their roofs of gold?

What hand directs the reinless winds  
Or guides the maddened storms?  
Who flings to earth the floating flakes  
And braids their crystal forms?

Who shapes the seed and heaps the store  
About its tiny germ,  
And re-awakes its dormant life  
At the appointed term?

Who guides the upward growth to grace,  
The snow-lipped chalice moulds,  
And pours into the luscious deeps  
Empurpled pinks and golds?

To me the violet of the grove  
Is dearer for the thought  
With dainty touch thy spirit hands  
Its beauties may have wrought.

All tasks may reach accomplishment  
In such serene employ,  
Where Death no more may still the hand  
Nor Time its works destroy;

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Where brooding Thought has ample scope  
And undisturbed retreat ;  
Where string of lute is never broke  
Nor song left incomplete.

### VIII.

There's not a leisured moment wings  
This realm of Time across  
But on its passing pinions brings  
Reminders of thy loss.

I miss thee when the wings of Dawn  
Their glory flashes fling,  
That brought thy step and morning kiss,  
And nevermore will bring.

And when around the evening board  
Our heads are bowed in prayer,  
I miss the little earnest lips  
That named "Our Father" there.

I miss thee when the clouds of gloom  
O'erdarken as the night,  
And through involving darkness breaks  
No single beam of light ;

When up to brazen skies I lift  
In vain my pleading eyes,  
When even God seems dead, or deaf  
To all my pleading cries.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### IX.

I find in this a kind of strength  
My sorrow to endure:  
That He that gave thee pure at first  
Received thee back as pure;

That o'er the tender lilled meads  
Thy path has ever lain,  
And dusts of earth upon thy feet  
Have left no evil stain;

That o'er thy little silent breast  
The grasses grow so green;  
That Autumn drops so gently down  
Her tinted leafy screen;

That passing winds of Winter hush  
Their wails to whispers low,  
And spread with tender, silent hands  
Their softest veils of snow;

That o'er the Hills of Morning, Spring  
Will steal with noiseless tread,  
And wreath in vine and violet  
Thy little lonely bed;

That far beyond the Hills of Morn  
Thou dost expectant wait  
To greet me with thy wonted joy  
When coming soon or late.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### THE SNOW

ALL DAY leaden vapors had lowered,  
The wind whistled dismal and low,  
Till mingled with Night's darkest pinions  
Came swirling the white-wingèd snow.

The lingering blossoms of summer,  
The last and the latest that bloomed,  
Their lips with the life-flushes tinted,  
The quick with the dead were entombed.

The vine that imploringly lifted  
Meek hands to the pitiless skies,  
Where deepest the billows are drifted,  
Low-buried and smothering lies.

The leaf that had flaunted defiant  
Its flag in the face of the blast,  
All stained with its heart-blood is lying  
Enshrouded and silent at last.

There clovers and delicate mosses  
In whitest of cerements are wound,  
But oh, unto *my* heart the dearest  
Is one little turf-woven mound.

For there under late-growing grasses,  
Where evergreen branches droop low,  
With hands laid to rest on her bosom  
My darling sleeps under the snow.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### WHITBY LADIES' COLLEGE

**L**O A DREAM of stately beauty  
Stands upon a gentle height  
Where a gleam of azure waters  
Never fades upon the sight.  
In the hush of moonlit splendor  
Echoes faint the ear will reach  
As the feet of busy breakers  
Patter on the pebbled beach.  
Thence the early morning breezes  
Fan a freshness from their wings,  
And the shadow-mantled evening  
Such a grateful coolness brings  
That to eye it gives a lustre  
And to lip a ruddy wealth,  
While the cheek of Beauty flushes  
With the glow of perfect health.  
Where it crowns the pleasant hilltop,  
Where its halls in slumber lie  
First the Angels of the Morning  
From their glowing mansions fly;  
On its ample roofs alighting  
They their shining pinions fold  
While they deck it as an altar  
In the richest "cloth of gold."  
As their jeweled hands are draping  
Window, parapet and wall,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Flying glints and gleams of glory  
On the lawn in flashes fall,—  
Veils, of quivering threads enwoven,  
From their amber chambers brought,  
Shimmering on the grassy carpet,  
Velvet-green and pearl-enwrought—  
Hands of Midas, softly touching  
Maples lifting lofty heads  
Till a gold of mellow radiance  
All their branches overspreads.  
Long the sun of evening lingers,  
And with love his fingers rest  
As he flames it with a glory  
Ere he leaves the ruddy West.  
When the night is o'er it bending  
Then a paler splendor falls  
That in folds of silk and silver  
Wraps the silence of the walls,  
Flinging flecks of light and shadow  
Where each faithful sentry stands  
Clad in Lincoln green, and pointing  
With his warning taper hands,  
Where the stealthy winds have stolen  
'Mid the sleepers on the lawn,  
Blossom breasts of hoards to rifle  
Treasured for the crimson Dawn.  
In this pleasant mansion Learning  
Stands in waiting to unfold  
All the treasures that the ages  
In their ample temples hold :

## *And Other Poems*

---

Art, with dainty brush and palette,  
And with heaven-lifted face,  
Stands expectant, fleeting shadows  
In unfading lines to trace ;  
Music waits, with skilful finger  
Ready laid upon the string,  
Magic floods of melting rapture  
On the fragrant air to fling ;  
Here Devotion walks with Duty,  
And the mind is early taught  
That we find the highest pleasure  
In the world of Work and Thought.

Blessings on the heart that planned it  
And the hand that wrought it well,  
For in halls of beauty only  
Should the form of Beauty dwell.  
Where she walks the way of Wisdom  
Art and Nature both should meet,  
And assembling all their treasure  
Lay the off'ring at her feet.  
These will mould her *heart* to beauty,  
And the heart will mould the face,  
And a mind and soul accordant  
Give the form an added grace,  
Till her life shall beam with beauty  
And the happy world divine  
That the forms are ever fairest  
That the fairest soul enshrine.

1897.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### A BLOSSOM OF THE SEA

THE trampling hosts had come, and all the night  
In massive squadrons clad in gleaming steel,  
With waving flags and tossing plumes of white,  
Had rushed with thousand thundering feet, and peal  
Of demon laughter, on the giant rocks  
That stood in stern array, in harness black,  
Unyielding met the oft-repeated shocks  
And hurled them reeling, rearing, plunging back.  
Above the battle's deafening roar and crash  
Loud shrieks and muttered groans arose  
As every rolling rank would onward dash  
But fall and flounder at the feet of foes.  
The beaten hosts confusedly withdrew,  
Defeated as in myriad fights before,  
But scattering, fled to gather strength anew,  
And left the stolid victors on the shore.  
Aside the moon her floating curtain bound  
And peered in silence at the fleeing host,  
With silver tipped each tattered crest, and crowned  
In gleaming helms the guardians of the coast.  
The morning came. His early beams looked down  
On wearied chargers deep with crimson dyed,  
And giants grim who still with sullen frown,  
And brow with purple gashed, the foe defied.

## *And Other Poems*

---

The storm had ceased. Around the sheltered bay  
The little town awoke again to life,  
And many a snowy canvas swept away  
Across the waves yet angry from their strife.  
The fishermen beheld on every side  
The wreckage of some stranded ship afloat ;  
The broken masts were scattered far and wide,  
And, helpless on the waves, a tossing boat.  
The surges to and fro their burden rolled—  
A wounded sailor, down unconscious cast,  
Whose hands yet clenched the broken oars that told  
Of desperate struggle with the frenzied blast.  
A mother, too, whose lifeless arms embraced  
A babe that slumbered snugly wrapped and warm,  
About whose form her garments she had placed  
And left her own half-naked to the storm.  
The fishermen in breathless wonder gazed,  
Then, turning, quickly drew the boat to land,  
And, stooping low, the senseless beings raised  
And bore them home with tender, loving hand.

The babe uninjured from its dream awoke ;  
But not its prattle, nor the kisses pressed  
By baby lips, nor touch of baby fingers, broke  
The silent slumber of the mother's breast.  
Nor e'er returned the sailor's consciousness ;  
But oft he rose, when tossing in his pain,  
And cheered the mother in her deep distress,  
Then fiercely fought his battle o'er again.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

At last, as o'er the ocean broke the day,  
He started from his couch in wild surprise  
And shouted, "Land!" then lifeless sank and lay  
With look of rest and gladness in his eyes.  
The people gathered from the village round—  
Their bronzed faces wet with streaming tears—  
And laid them where had risen many a mound  
For ocean victims in the passing years.

O kindly is the Sea when skies are fair,  
And slumber all the passions of the breast;  
The sailor's bark in love he seems to bear  
To summer-harbored, fragrant isles of rest.  
Then cradled in his softly swaying arms  
One evermore in dreamy bliss may lie,  
Where not a breath e'er startles or alarms  
The drowsy cloud slow floating in the sky.  
O cheering is the Sea when breezes fill  
The swelling sail and fling the whirling spray  
And send through every tingling nerve a thrill,  
As glides the vessel swiftly on her way.  
O cruel and inconstant is the Sea:  
When rage and frenzy swell his savage breast,  
He tosses high, down dashes ruthlessly  
What he so late had cradled and caressed.  
With Giant hands the creaking mast he bends  
And smites with mighty blows the shrinking ships,  
Their bruised and battered sides he rudely rends  
With savage howl and frenzy-foaming lips;

## *And Other Poems*

---

Or drives them crashing on the craggy shore  
And shatters them with oft-repeated shocks.  
As with defiant shout and demon roar  
He tramples out their life among the rocks.

Though oft they sought among the towns around,  
Inquiries none about the mother came.  
But on the garment of the child they found,  
By skilful fingers broidered there, a name.  
The name was "Baby Jessie"; and no more  
The little lips could tell; nor ascertained  
They whence the vessel stranded on their shore;  
And so the orphan child with them remained.  
Though loving memories in her bosom slept,  
And in her dreams a presence lingered long,  
In time the lonely one no longer wept  
For mother's kiss and mother's cradle song.  
For Helen Bain, whose heart dwelt in her face,  
Had taken Baby Jessie as her own.  
And soon her winning way and girlish grace  
Had made her well in every cottage known.  
From her they named her "Jessie Bain"; but oft  
When breezes, racing o'er the waves in glee,  
Had flushed her rounded cheek with tinting soft,  
The little maid was "Blossom of the Sea."

With merry feet she tripped through Babyland,  
Where all is bright to new-awakened eyes  
That see the beauties fresh on every hand  
Beneath the glow of yet unclouded skies;

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Where every breeze a fragrant burden brings  
From laden blooms that, glowing, never fade,  
And every note is flung from gleeful strings  
Where Sorrow's languid hand was never laid.

In Childhood Land she ran with nimble feet  
Her little busy round of school and play—  
A bee that everywhere was gathering sweet  
And storing by against the future day.  
Glad-footed years went swiftly gliding by,  
And silent wove the veils they ever cast  
O'er all the fair and lovely forms that lie  
Enshrined by memory in the shrouded past,  
Till, one by one, a filmy mantle hides  
Or dims them all. Years flitted till she stood  
Upon the verge where Childhood's pathway glides  
Unconscious into that of Womanhood.  
The Springs of coming womanhood had told,  
The Summers tinged her cheek with bloom of rose,  
The Autumns on her tresses left their gold,  
The Winters bathed her brow in purest snows.  
The dwellers in the woodland where she strayed  
Were joyous when they spied her drawing near  
And freely yielded to the rambling maid  
Whatever treasure each regarded dear;—  
The lily gave her form its slenderness,  
The ripple lent her voice its music sweet,  
The breezes touched her locks with fond caress  
And whispered of their lightly-treading feet.

## *And Other Poems*

---

These fisher people rugged features wore,  
For generations bronzed by wind and spray,  
And shoulders bent and broadened by the oar  
Their sturdy arms had wielded day by day.  
With speeding years they saw the maiden now  
Resemble more and more that slender form  
With cloud of golden hair and angel brow  
That saved her babe but perished in the storm.  
To them this cheek 'mid apple blossoms born,  
This eye that beamed with blue of heaven's dome,  
These streaming locks like early rays of morn,  
This breast and brow as white as tossing foam,  
This loving heart where gifts and treasures rare  
Were in profusion lavish known to lie,—  
To them she seemed a creature of the air—  
A blossom born beneath no earthly sky.

Companion in her play was Willie Brown.  
Beside the boats together on the shore  
They chased the seaward wave swift fleeting down  
The smooth hard sand; then shrieked and ran before  
The wave that, turning, laughed in tones subdued  
And stole behind them silently and fleet.  
Or clapped its hands, and oft so close pursued  
Its fingers touched their bare and flying feet.  
They heaped up mimic mounds, outhollowed wells,  
Of chosen pebbles little mansions made  
For which the busy sea brought shining shells  
In blending tints of pink and white arrayed.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

The schoolhouse with its little busy world  
Lay nestling in a closely sheltered nook,  
Where elms at noon their shadow flags unfurled  
And flung the fluttering folds upon the brook  
That, slumbering, seemed in sleepy tones to mock  
The stolen whisper soft, and droning din,  
And—pattering down some tiny shelf of rock—  
The clatter of the buzzing world within.  
There side by side the twain together went,  
Their trials and their triumphs daily shared;  
With earnest brow in thoughtful posture bent  
They day by day the little tasks prepared.

When older grown, the hunger of the mind  
They fed with few but treasured books, possessed  
Among the village homes, and woke refined  
And holy thoughts that slumbered in the breast.  
A fount of pleasure here they found from which  
They daily draughts of rarest rapture drew:  
And as they drained each goblet, nectar-rich,  
More precious to the lip the fountain grew.

The lithest lad was he on all the coast:  
No arm more skilful bending oar to wield,  
No bolder heart the little town could boast  
To gather harvest from the azure field.  
O'er placid forehead locks were idly thrown  
Where ebon hand had penciled wavy lines  
And glossy curves, as when the billow blown  
Through lighted gloom in dusky lustre shines.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Dark eyes he had, where darting flashes oft  
The fiery radiance of his soul revealed;  
But oftener still they shone with lustre soft  
Of twilight star in vapor half concealed.  
Lips thin and firm o'er face of manly mould  
An air of dauntless resolution threw;  
But yet a something lingered there that told  
The loving heart of tender depths and true.

Two meadow rills that wander side by side,  
By sun lips kissed, by shadow hands caressed,  
Together imperceptibly will glide  
And flow united with unruffled breast;  
Two twinkling drops on petal of the rose  
May lie and sparkle in the morning sun,  
But at the breath of lightest breeze that blows  
Will touch and kiss and tremble into one.  
Thus day by day their lives were seen to glide,  
And thus at last together seemed to run;  
But they so long had wandered side by side  
That neither knew when heart was lost or won.  
They never thought their paths could separate,  
For all their lives had they together been:  
This seemed but as the opening of a gate  
That led to wider world and newer scene.

Low circling hills around the village lay.  
Where fell the earliest beams of morning sun  
A humble home had risen day by day  
By thrifty hand from spoil of ocean won.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

It looked upon the little bay, the bar,  
And, far away, upon the tumbling main,  
Where she might spy his coming bark afar  
On eager wings to enter home again.  
There many an idle hour they strayed and planned  
A lowly bower or bed of roses bright;  
For now approached the day when hand and hand  
And heart and heart forever would unite.

To save the maiden from a needless pain  
Her early sorrow all had been concealed;  
But now had come the hour when Helen Bain  
The story of her early life revealed.  
Astounded at the revelation strange,  
She all with many an eager question plied.  
The current of her life it seemed to change  
And cast a pall of darkness on its tide.  
She wore an air of thoughtful quietness,  
In former hopes of life no pleasure took,  
But sought the woodland breeze of soft caress  
And whispered song of shadow-checkered brook.  
She often wandered on the lonely shore  
And pictured all the sadness of the scene;  
And oft they found her when the day was o'er  
Yet sitting by the nameless mound of green,  
Where fancy strove some image in her mind  
Of that devoted mother's face to frame  
Who died to save her child, yet left behind  
Not e'en the cherished memory of her name.

## *And Other Poems*

---

There many a secret tear in silence fell,  
And there was many a wildwood flower strewn;  
Nor did she him forget who fought so well  
For that dead mother's life and for her own.

One evening, as she lingered here apart,  
A stranger strolling through the village came,  
Who, pausing by her with a sudden start,  
Her features closely scanning, begged her name.  
She told him, and his wonder more increased.  
"A Jessie knew I, and so like to thee  
At first I deemed thee her,—if not, at least  
Her child. But, nay, for this can never be:  
The wife I loved, the baby that was mine,  
The sea has torn away with cruel hands  
And hid them deep in dismal depths of brine,  
Or tossed them lifeless on the nameless sands."

He told his tale in broken words and low:  
"With Jessie Gray, my newly wedded bride,  
I left this land but twenty years ago,  
To seek a home beyond the ocean wide.  
There Love and Fortune on our dwelling smiled.  
Five years had passed when Jessie longed to see  
Her native land again. She took her child—  
Whose name was Jessie too—a babe of three—  
And sailed. No tidings came with passing years.  
Save that the ship and all aboard were lost.  
Time has not healed the wound nor dried my tears;  
But now the ocean I again have crossed.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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And where I hear of vessel cast away,  
I thither go with half a hope to find  
Some faint surviving trace that haply may  
Relieve the deathless sorrow of my mind.  
A tale of wreck, by roving sailor told,  
Has brought me here where kindly seamen lay  
The bruised forms the cruel waters hold  
And toss in sport, then lifeless fling away."  
When Jessie too recounted all, in haste  
The lowly home of Helen Bain they sought,  
Who told the tale anew, before them placed  
The robe with baby Jessie's name entwrought,  
The garments, long preserved, that wrapped the child,  
And spoke of slender form and forehead fair,  
Of clinging arms that clasped in death, and wild,  
Disheveled locks of waving golden hair.

He recognized the garments as the same  
His Jessie wore,—had seen her hand entwine  
Upon the robe of blue her baby's name  
In braided letters linked with trailing vine.  
He clasped his daughter in a close embrace  
That told the longing love of lonesome years,  
And gazed upon the dear uplifted face  
With eyes that gladness lit through lurking tears.  
He stroked her cheek, her silken locks caressed,  
The peerless heaven of her eye surveyed,  
Her lip and brow with lingering kisses pressed  
That all the hunger of his heart betrayed.

## *And Other Poems*

---

They kissed as those whose lips have never met  
And know they nevermore may meet again,  
Whose life shall be one ceaseless, long regret,  
Whose earthly bliss one moment must contain.

Then in their daily walks about the town  
He told her of his home in foreign land,  
Where Nature showered her richest treasure down  
And Fortune gave her gifts with lavish hand.  
"Me also she has favored, and bestowed  
Enough thy wildest dream to satisfy.  
There shall we go and bring to our abode  
Whate'er indulgent father can supply.  
Thy hand the dainty trellised vine shall train  
Where clustered blooms their garments bright  
unroll;  
Shall wake with sweep of fingers light the strain  
That floats through secret chambers of the soul.  
There arbor dim, by murmuring leaves betrayed,  
With blossom hands shall lure to cool retreat;  
And winding walk embowered in dreamy shade  
At twilight hour invite the straying feet.

"One chamber of our home we shall enrich  
With ranks of chosen volumes new and old;  
And marble forms from many a fluted niche  
Their gathered treasure all shall still behold.  
There fleeting fancies floating through the brain,  
Or ramblings of the soul in realm sublime,  
Embalmed in words, their glory will retain,  
Surviving all the ruined wrecks of time.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

There daily shall we meet as friend with friend,  
The purest spirits earth has ever known,  
And quiet hours in conversation spend,  
And lift our minds to level of their own.  
We there shall summon back the mighty dead  
And hold communion with their souls, and learn  
The best and noblest that they thought and said  
Ere Death enclosed them in his hollow urn.

“Or, we shall travel far to foreign climes,  
To distant shores in fame and story old;  
The pillared structures reared in other times  
By busy hand of man shall we behold.  
There evanescent dreams of beauty lie  
Forever by a magic hand enchained,—  
The radiant forms, the robes of brilliant dye,  
The lights and shadows dim have all remained.  
There lustrous eyes from fringed lids let fall  
Their melting glances full of loving trust,  
And lips with beaming smile the heart enthrall,  
Though they that smiled have long been shapeless  
dust.

“In deathless marble there have been preserved  
Despairing face, distorted in its pain,—  
Forms interlocked, to deadly struggle nerved,—  
The brow of giant frowning in disdain,—  
The faultless form, whose lines of beauty sweep  
In graceful flowing curves of driven snow,  
With arms of naiad mould, and lips that keep  
The sweetness yet of centuries ago,

## *And Other Poems*

---

And e'er shall keep. How'er may fleet the years  
These forms of beauty ne'er shall know decay.—  
No breaking heart, no bitter, blinding tears  
Shall furrow trench or sweep one charm away.

“There shall we wander in a land of vines  
Where stealthy streams with silent steps descend,  
Where noontide sun in softened lustre shines  
From skies of blue that seem so low to bend  
That heaven's loved ones lean the lily breast  
From shining casements of their marble dome,  
And, looking down, the pleasant land invest  
With radiance of their own supernal home.  
At times so low their faces seem to bow  
We feel the warmth of loving presence near,  
And catch a transient glimpse of glowing brow  
And eyes of love that through the ether peer.  
And in the hush and silence of the night  
We hear their bosoms heaving soft and slow,  
Their voices sink to murmured whispers light  
In wonder at the charms of all below.  
And hands caressing seem to touch us oft  
As light as fall of floating apple bloom;  
And words are breathed in murmur low and soft  
That fill the soul with sense of rare perfume.  
The hush of hallowed silence o'er seems  
So full of forms supernal flitting by  
The heart, ecstatic in its rapture, deems  
That heaven's halls to earth have floated nigh.”

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

“And what of Willie Brown?” “Ah, Jessie, fling  
All thought of him aside. When thou shalt see  
The wider world this newer life shall bring  
This fisher lad will little seem to thee.  
For both 'tis better far at once to part.  
The keenest stroke of sorrow's stinging rod  
Is when a wife, refined in mind and heart,  
Is linked and fettered to a senseless clod  
That finds no beauty in a graceful thought,  
For no communion with the great aspires,  
Perceives in poet's melting music naught  
To soothe the soul or feed its fainting fires;  
Whose eyes, forever bent upon the ground,  
See not the blooms he crushes 'neath his feet,  
Nor glories of the landscape spread around,  
Nor dome above with jeweled lights replete;  
Whose breast unmoved and passionless remains  
When hill and grove with minstrel music ring;  
Whose ear is dull to all the magic strains  
That lip can blow or finger sweep from string.  
The lonely are not they that walk alone,  
But who with others must the journey take  
And find no heart accordant to their own  
Responsive music soul to soul to make.  
Thou hast thy gentle mother's gifted mind,  
Her slender, graceful form, too frail and slight  
For life of toil with one who, roughly kind,  
The tender blossoms of thy soul may blight.  
Does Winter shelter with his garments cold  
The rose when shrinking, trembling in its fear?

## *And Other Poems*

---

Though clad in armor, does the thistle bold  
Protect the tender lily blooming near?  
The rose, long cradled in the summer airs,  
Will die at touch of Winter's icy breath;  
The pointed spears the sturdy thistle bears  
The lily's bosom soon will wound to death.

"These people for their kindness merit more  
Than hand of even lavish gift repays;  
And who for thee a mother's burden bore  
Shall nothing lack in her declining days.  
Yet here we must no longer now remain,  
But go afar in other land to dwell.  
A sudden wound produces least of pain;  
So bid at once this fisher lad farewell."

The maid had cherished yearnings undefined  
For something more than village life had brought;  
Her books a love had wakened in her mind  
For beauty, music, and the world of thought;  
Uncharmed anthems haunted long her soul;  
Unspoken legends lingered in her ear;  
About her fleeting forms of beauty stole,  
By eye unseen, to inward vision clear.  
Her heart had hungered. Fancy had portrayed  
A fairyland its craving to supply:  
The father thus could easily persuade,  
The daughter's heart unwillingly deny.

She found the lad beside the little cot  
Constructed by his hands with rustic skill—  
Love-prompted, busy hands that faltered not,  
But strove to add some new attraction still.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Dim-shadowed dells and glades he wandered through,  
And wild-born beings from their dwelling brought,  
The sweet-lipped violet in hood of blue,  
And ferns in broidered garments, fairy-wrought.  
Above the porch he trained the vine she loved,  
Whose purple bells, at morning's earliest ray,  
Are softly swung by taper fingers gloved  
In green, to warn the birds of coming day.

With face averted she her message told,  
And talked against the pleadings of her heart.  
As Memory swift their happy past unrolled  
She felt the pang forevermore to part.  
The pink-lipped orchard blooms, in garments white,  
Dispense their sweets for evening passer-by,  
But Death may come on pinions of the night,  
And faded, scentless all may shriveled lie.  
To him that rustic home had fairer been  
Than lofty hall adorned with sculptured bust;  
But now her words had blighted all the scene,  
Its rooms were darkened and its flowers dust.  
To this he mutely pointed, and amazed  
And silent stood; but pallid lips compressed  
And eyes to her in speechless sorrow raised,  
Betrayed the stifled anguish of his breast.  
The maiden's inward feelings were at strife,  
Her conscience smote her as she turning said,  
"Some other maid will make thee better wife,"  
Then faltered out a swift farewell and fled.

## *And Other Poems*

---

No word his lip could utter to restrain  
Her fleeing feet. He knew that sudden night  
Had fallen on the morning fields, nor would again  
A gleam the darkness of the shadow light.  
He left the scene of dreamed-of happiness,  
With hurried footsteps to the harbor passed,  
Unmoored his shallop—in his deep distress  
Unmindful of the threatening rising blast,  
Or warnings of the hoary fishermen;  
For he would not to other eyes unbare  
His bosom, tortured with its anguish, when  
He fought the gloomy demons of despair.  
The tumbling of the booming, boiling waves  
Accorded with the tumult of his soul;  
In wildly plunging through their yawning graves  
A maddened joy through all his being stole.  
And when, with heaving, rocking billows crowned,  
Came moving mountain masses gloomed with night,  
He rose triumphant o'er their crests, and found  
In tossing on their swells a fierce delight.  
Contending with the tempest, thus alone  
He fought and won his battle with despair;  
He steeled his heart, resolved without a moan  
The lifelong aching silently to bear.  
But ere his breast a haven calm had found,  
The dusky hands of night were spreading fast  
Their blackest palls of thickest gloom around  
His bark, that bowed and bent before the blast.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Then through the village soon the rumor ran  
That Willic Brown was lost in storm and night.  
Then booming bell its far halloo began,  
And beacon blazed upon the towered height.  
And watchers waited on the wind-swept shore  
And peered into the gloom with straining eye,  
Or bent attentive where amid the roar  
The ear might faintly catch distressful cry.  
Though oft deceived by mounting wave whose crest  
In beacon-glare had flashed like canvas white,  
Or wail of wind like shriek of soul distressed,  
The morning dawned without a sail in sight.  
Grim Ocean's fit of madness now had passed,  
And he with muttered moan and sigh suppressed  
In troubled sleep exhausted lay at last,  
With fallen flecks of frenzy on his breast.  
The watchers one by one had homeward gone;  
But on the beach with tresses backward blown,  
With tearless eyes and features pale and wan,  
And heaving bosom, Jessie stood alone.

As watchman of the coast and sullen guard,  
From granite rock had Nature hewn and cleft  
A rudely shapen giant, grim and scarred,  
And at its base the chiseled fragments left.  
Along the rocky shore the sifted sands  
The waves had borne and smoothed with constant  
tread,  
Where idly fallen from their careless hands  
Were fluted shell and play-worn pebble spread.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Here stood she in the morning cold and grey,  
While busy, bustling waters, racing fleet,  
Ran here and there for treasure-trove, where lay  
The fragments fallen at the giant's feet.

“Relentless, all-devouring sea,  
O give my loved one back to me.  
Endured I not when yet a child,  
As victim of thy frenzy wild,  
The tempest of thy chilling breath,  
The buffets of thy cruel hand,  
That laid my mother cold in death,  
And cast me lone on rugged strand,  
A helpless babe, of all bereft,  
To care of pitying stranger left?  
Relentless, all-devouring sea,  
O give this loved one back to me.

“Yet, oh, this once, thy prey restore,  
And I shall chide thee nevermore:  
Thy chilliest breath shall breathe of balm,  
Thy wildest rage be rippled calm,  
The blackest night that glooms thy brow  
Shall morning be with gold agleam,  
Thy frenzied roar that frights me now  
Shall sweetest warbled music seem,  
Thy wave of heaven-sweeping crest  
Shall sway as soft as mother's breast.  
Then, oh, this once, thy prey restore,  
And I shall chide thee nevermore.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

"O give him back that I may tell,  
Though seeming false, I loved him well;  
Though one brief hour my soul forgot,  
These lifelong links are sundered not;  
But once, but once my fickle heart  
Hath faltered, but it shall no more.  
Must here our paths forever part,  
And is the happy journey's o'er?  
Then I shall walk, my eyelids wet  
With dimming tears of vain regret.  
O bring him back, that I may tell,  
Though seeming false, I loved him well.

"Relentless, all-devouring sea,  
O bring my loved one back to me,  
That I may feel his warm embrace  
And read forgiveness in his face.  
If not in life, oh, yet in death,  
That I his pallid lips may press  
Till mine shall give them living breath  
To pardon all my faithlessness,—  
Till in his dull, cold ear I tell,  
Though seeming false, I loved him well.  
Thou cruel, all-devouring sea.  
O bring my loved one back to me."

As thus she spoke, around the headland came  
A stalwart form in seaman's habit dressed:  
A pause, a startled cry, a whispered name,—  
The maiden sank unconscious on his breast.

## *And Other Poems*

---

By baffling blasts, on bounding billows borne,  
The lad at last to nearest port was blown,  
And folding there the shallop's pinions, torn,  
Had homeward trod the trampled beach alone.  
With steel-nerved breast and dauntless bearing proud,  
He strode beside the overpcering rocks,  
Resolved to meet, as they, with head unbowed  
The wildest tempest and the fiercest shocks.  
A glimpse of lissome form and streaming hair;  
Then, pausing by the giant's feet, he heard  
The tearless maiden's self-accusing prayer,  
And hope revived his deepest being stirred.  
A sudden light had broken through the cloud  
That seemed to blacken all his way with night;  
The morning meadows broke in singing loud  
That put the sombre silences to flight.

No needless words were said. In close embrace  
The raptured lovers stood upon the shore.  
The glow of morning lit each gladdened face,  
And fears of final parting were no more.

Her father, learning of her absence, fled  
With hasty footsteps here and saw the twain,  
And in her face the open secret read:  
The lately found to him was lost again.  
"From Willie, father, I can never part:  
We two have been together all our lives.  
Such tendrils Time has thrown about my heart,  
To break their clasp my bosom vainly strives.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

The terrors of the night have taught me this:  
My fairy dream of happiness is done;  
For let the future bring me bane or bliss,  
Where'er the path may lead, our ways are one.

The bird that all its little life hath spent  
'Mid simple blooms and swinging leafy sprays  
Would pine if in a palace garden pent  
Where gaudy plant a richer robe displays.  
Go, leave me in this lowly humble scene;  
For daily life has in this soul of mine  
So linked and woven this that I had been  
Unhappy in that grander home of thine.  
Remote from bustling strife and pompous pride  
We two shall walk our little way alone,  
Shall live and love, then, lying side by side,  
Sleep our long sleep untroubled and unknown.  
Forget these hours, and let me be again  
A lingering shadow left from other years;  
But thou to me forever wilt remain  
A blissful memory dashed with dimming tears."

By clambering vines now thickly overgrown  
The cottage nestles on the circling hill;  
Beside the bower the rose has yearly blown,  
And fern and violet find a shelter still.  
For Jessie still the purple bells of dawn  
Are at the porch by Willie's hand arrayed,  
And now their children play upon the lawn  
And drink the fragrance of the cooling shade.

## *And Other Poems*

---

But near, where oaks unfurl their banners old,  
And dying Day, from trembling, glowing hands,  
At last flings down his miser hoards of gold,  
A grander, not a dearer, mansion stands.  
'Tis there that Jessie and her Willie dwell:  
But winding hedge and beaten footpath show  
They oft frequent the little cot and tell  
Of scenes and loves of years of long ago.

One dwells with them who wears a kindly face,  
Whose ample locks are richly touched with white;  
But where the days of sadness left their trace  
Have years of gladness cast a wondrous light.  
Though blackest storms career across the sky  
And all the cheerful beams of heaven hide,  
Yet oft the cloudy steeds of darkness fly,  
And bright is all the West at eventide.

Her father had consented to remain—  
By Willie's earnest, manly bearing moved,  
But more by Jessie's words. Three years the twain  
To college halls he sent and further proved.  
Then fitting out a vessel for the land  
Beyond the main, he put the lad aboard.  
Sea-nurtured from his youth, to high command  
He rose. And now his vessels richly stored  
With foreign goods return. The fishing port  
Has widened to a town, whose hardy sons  
Upon his decks the ocean breezes court,  
And homeward bring for wife and little ones.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Across the rocking billows of the deep,  
Their gathered spoils. Now larger homes appear,  
Where often Beauty and Refinement keep  
An even pace with Plenty all the year.  
Than Helen Bain's no fairer home is there.  
Her lightest needs are lavishly supplied,  
Though snows have fallen on the wavy hair,  
The looks of kindly goodness yet abide  
Enwritten on her face, with something too  
Like growing rays of Heaven's dawn, that stream  
Already o'er the hills of Death, and through  
The mists of earth upon her forehead beam.

By all are Jessie and her Willie known:  
For light and beauty have they spread around,  
Encouraged, lifted, helping arms have thrown  
About the erring weak, till all have found  
The ways of Knowledge lead to higher heights  
Of happiness, that broaden to the view,  
And onward lead to more supreme delights  
Than ever soul of groveling mortal knew.  
For onward, upward points the hand of Fate,  
And onward, upward moves the human race;  
Though toilful be the path and slow the rate,  
The host advances to a higher place.  
Though many stragglers loiter in the rear,  
And blindly flounder in the deep morass,  
And few be they who yet the summit near,  
Yet onward, upward moves the struggling mass.  
The blood of all the centuries and the tears  
That stain the pathway have not been in vain;  
Trace all its windings through the weary years,  
And mighty strides of progress then are plain.

## *And Other Poems*

---

As Knowledge slow unfolds the growing mind  
The soul awakes and breaks in gladder song;  
And eyes are lifted to the light, inclined  
To circle blindly round the feet so long.  
And beckoned on by Jessie's guiding hand,  
These villagers have lifted too their eyes  
And, seeing lights on higher slopes of land,  
Forsaken lower moors and murky skies;  
And rising from the misty fog and gloom  
That clouded and obscured the vision there,  
They walk serener plains of wider room,  
And drink the rapture of a purer air.  
The world is brighter than they ever dreamed.  
Although in toil the fleeting days are spent,  
Each golden hour by useful task redeemed,  
The soul is not as in a prison pent;  
For on the scene will often Music steal  
And flood the air with melting strain divine,  
And Art the charm of blending tints reveal  
When framed in curves of beauty's flowing line,  
And Thought, with subtle treasures of the mind  
Upon undying pages old impressed  
In glowing words, a quiet hour will find  
To wake the slumbering genius of the breast.

Remembering all the darkness of the past,  
The light and gladness of the world to be,  
They still believe some angel hand has cast  
Upon their shore this Blossom of the Sea.

August, 1897.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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### A PIONEER FARMER

WHERE clothed in verdure yonder fields are seen  
In swelling curves of hill and hollow rolled  
The squadroned maples stood in tunics green  
And baldrics bright with gleams of autumn gold.  
There, stationed 'mid the host, the stalwart pine  
Above their purple plumes aloft had flung  
His banner broad, whose folds in graceful line  
Low drooping swayed or slow unfurling swung.

In autumn dim, alone and undismayed,  
A gallant youth that bannered army neared;  
He smote their proudest low with flashing blade  
And fortress rude among the fallen reared.  
And here he brought his bride of tender years,  
Sweet-lipped and slender as a bending bloom,  
Whose eyes, emerged from some dim sea of tears,  
Would still in star-like flashes light and loom.  
Her brow the angel hand had smoothed and pressed  
Till more than earthly calmness there reposed,  
Her misty cloud of tresses had caressed  
Till tints of glory every wave disclosed.

The walls were built of rugged beams and round,  
Rough-notched at end and interspaced with clay.  
High-gabled roof the humble structure crowned,  
Through which a chimney struggling made its way.

## *And Other Poems*

---

An ample hearth within where high were heaped  
The oaken logs on frosty winter night,  
And flames triumphant loud in laughter leaped  
And clapped their ruddy hands in sheer delight.  
The shadows, beckoned from their dim abode,  
Along the wall a merry measure paced;  
While shining pinions 'mid the rafters glowed,  
And giant glooms their flitting flashes chased.

A sudden flare lit all the simple room:  
The floor of riven pine; the mantel-shelf  
Agleam with shining ware; the clacking loom  
That claimed an ample corner for itself;  
The chimney seat, a couch for stranger guest;  
The easy chair with woven splint inwrought;  
The table, whiter than if linen-drest,  
Where merry cups each glint and twinkle caught;  
The curtained bed of down, heaped mountain-high  
And crowned with fluffy pillows light as air,  
Where smooth-laid counterpane allured the eye  
With many a gay, grotesquely patterned square.

Their home was small, the forest dim and lone;  
About their hearth yet children playing came  
And crooned their little songs in cheery tone,  
And flung a light from flashing locks of flame.  
All day she nimbly sped the moaning wheel  
That sighed and wailed its plaintive, weird refrain,  
Or filled the pauses with the clicking reel  
That from the spindle whirled the growing skein.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

While flared on evening hearth the flaming wood,  
The needles twinkled in her fingers fleet  
That wove for rounded cheek the cosy hood  
Or shaped the stocking for the dimpled feet.

There too for him life ran its busy round:  
At glow of morn his ringing axe awoke  
The silent shades and dusky depths profound  
Of sombre-mantled pine and burly oak.  
While hostile tempest loud the trumpet blew  
They stood undaunted at the charger's blast,  
On high their arms in wild defiance threw  
And dealt their blows in fury as he passed.  
But now, their tresses trembling at each blow,  
By comrades' clinging hands in vain delayed,  
With sigh of last farewell and groaning throe  
Of dying agony before his glancing blade  
They reel, the lofty head is lowly bowed  
With all its tossing plumes, the arms outthrust  
Crash prone to earth, and all the tresses proud  
Are torn and rent and darkened in the dust.  
His hands had thus by never-flagging zeal  
The sunny fields from forest dense and tall  
Out-hollowed with consuming flame and steel;  
The fallen trunks had shaped for sheltering wall  
To shield his harvest from the winter gale,  
Or yonder fence that mossy vesture wears,  
That tacks and veers like wind-confronted sail,  
And all the farm divides in verdant squares.

## *And Other Poems*

---

By years of toil incessant from his land  
Obstructing rock and root were slowly cleared.  
As fortune blessed the labor of his hand  
Increasing signs of comfort there appeared:  
Yon roomy mansion where the morning still  
With golden finger gilds the eastern pane;  
Capacious barns where vying autumns fill  
And heap the garner high with shining grain.  
The orchard trees on yonder southern slope  
Erect in neatly ordered rows he placed,  
And pruned and shaped their spreading boughs, in hope  
Their fruitage in the after-years to taste.  
There Spring unfolds the bridal robes of Dawn,  
Of vial odors brings her treasured stores,  
And o'er the cloud of blushful tinted lawn  
The fragrant balm with hand unsparing pours.  
There Autumn hangs his rounded cups of gold  
That such abundant nectar draughts contain,  
The brimming cup, unable all to hold,  
Is often dyed and streaked with ruddy stain.

He rose betimes with cheery heart and brave  
To cleave the furrows of his fruitful land;  
He sowed, and what the God of harvest gave  
He gathered to his barns with thankful hand.  
When sultry sun or chill untimely frost  
Would on his fields their blighting finger lay,  
He ploughed again in hope, nor courage lost,  
For richly would the coming year repay.  
Who life preserves within the tiny germ  
Enfolded closely in the wheaten breast,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Who feeds with fallen leaf the hidden worm,  
Who builds for timid bird the sheltered nest,  
Who for the kine a winter garment weaves,  
Nor crimson vest the robin does deny,  
With careful eye the sparrow's fall perceives,  
Would give to trusting man a sure supply.

To him in vain the helpless never went  
Nor poured their troubles into deafened ear.  
The stricken home he meet assistance lent  
And gave to passing stranger of his cheer.  
The man of God, who threading forest gloom  
On jaded steed too seldom thither fared,  
Found, like the prophet old, his little room  
And restful couch by loving hand prepared.  
By winding ways the neighbors thither went  
Through leafy dusks by starry twilight led,  
And lifted heart in song, or reverent bent  
As earnest lips the Master's message read.

He dwelt among his dusky herds of kine  
And snowy flocks like ancient patriarch;  
He called them all by name, and warm would shine  
Responsive, dreamy eyes of lustre dark.  
Their master was he, kind and provident:  
For winter needs he hoarded ample store;  
With tender bosom o'e the suffering bent  
And in his arms their feeble kindred bore.  
His form while yet afar the horses knew,  
And neighing o'er the meadow trooping came,

## *And Other Poems*

---

With fondling touch around him pleading drew  
The dainty morsel from his hand to claim.

Reflecting, toiling daily in his field,  
He learned the open book of life to read:  
What at the harvest hour the heart shall yield  
We each determine as we sow the seed;  
Who cleaves the turf with steady hand and strong,  
Uproots the weed and plants the chosen grain,  
Although the days of watchful toil be long  
At last his meed of ripened ears shall gain;  
Who merely leaves the garden of the mind  
An idle field unfurrowed and unsown,  
Awaiting more auspicious hour, shall find  
The vacant soil with tangle overgrown;  
Who all the year has planted weeds and tares  
May not with right complain or justly blame  
If, when his sheaf he to the garner bears,  
The Lord of Harvest cast it to the flame:  
For who would store among the precious grain  
That he had stooped to gather from the dust,  
Had sifted, fanned, and winnowed pure again,  
The weed, the bur, the mildewed ear and rust?

To him all Nature lessons could unfold:  
The fairy plant upspringing from the sod  
Has root to cling and grapple to the mould,  
Has bloom to rise and lift its face to God;  
The meanest life that grovels on the ground  
Is ever blindly striving for the light;

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

The vine that hath its lattice limit found  
An arm will lift to reach a newer height;  
The pine that deepest in the earth descends  
And, ever busy, gathers far and nigh,  
This gathered earthly treasure all expends  
In climbing upward nearer to the sky;  
The lower must subserve the higher end;  
The purer beams are ever on the height,  
For growth and bloom all upward strain and bend,  
And souls can blossom only in the light;  
For light alone the waxen cup can mould,  
Can trace the netted vein or flowing line,  
Can flame in scarlet, gild with burnished gold,  
Can faintly tinge or steep the lips in wine.

And life is not for endless toil alone,  
To wrap the body warmly and to feed;  
The heart has also yearnings of its own,  
Its craving hunger and its crying need.  
The hand that spread the banner of the sky  
And decked with golden stars its tender blue,  
That touched the petal's lips with ruby dye,  
Hath given man a love of beauty too.  
Who shaped the slender streamer of the sedge,  
Who wrapped the apple in its ruddy rind,  
Who veined the leaf and wove its brodered edge,  
Hath use and beauty ever close combined.

Thorn, fibre, leaf, and clinging spiral scroll  
Have each a purpose in the Maker's plan,  
And every passion of the human soul  
Contributes to development of man.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Our loves, our hates, our angers, and our fears,  
Our hopes, despairs, unquenchable desires,—  
All these, transmuted by the moulding years,  
For perfect growth the soul of man requires.

The springing shoot, the bud, the fluttering spray,  
The faded stem, the withered leaf and dry,  
Show life a steady progress to decay,  
And all of earth or soon or late must die.  
When death stole nigh his bride of memory sweet  
And touched her tender eyes to endless sleep,  
He murmured low in resignation meet,  
“We sow in tears, we soon in joy shall reap;  
For He that stoops to lift the slender blade  
To light and air through clods of darksome earth  
Can cleave the sod where man is lowly laid  
And give in nightless world a second birth.”

His hands are still, his given task is done;  
That he might rise no one has fallen low;  
His gain is not from store of others won;  
His triumph plunged no other heart in woe;  
For him no field is red with human gore,  
No smothered wretches clog the darksome mine.  
Nor faint by furnace gorged with molten ore,  
Nor stifled sink in gulfs of roaring brine.  
By blood and tears his wealth is undefiled;  
For what he gained he gained by honest toil.  
The lands he won he won from Nature's wild,  
And fair and fruitful made the barren soil.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

He spent his golden moments not in vain;  
He joyed, he sorrowed as we mortals must;  
He ran, he stumbled, rose and ran again,  
But never lay and groveled in the dust.  
On yonder slope that overlooks the scene  
Of all his toil he takes his lasting sleep.  
In vain shall Morning touch his couch of green  
To call him as of yore from slumber deep.

God's first behest, to till and dress the land,  
He has obeyed. His works with us remain.  
Though lifeless on the bosom lies the hand,  
It has increased the sum of human gain.  
He found a forest tangled lone and dim,  
Of savage brute the home since Time began;  
He left these sunny meadows neat and trim,  
Prepared and ready for the home of man:  
The earth more like a Garden of the Skies,  
More fitting for the growth of mind and soul,  
A higher plane whence man may higher rise,  
With nearer steps approach the final goal,—  
That goal to which we slowly tend, the dream  
Of heathen bard and sacred prophet old,—  
When earth again a paradise may seem  
And man his God may unabashed behold.  
For all that, mounting, smooth the steps of Time  
Are hewing pathways for the host unborn  
That, coming after, to the height shall climb  
And walk serene the Tablelands of Morn.

## *And Other Poems*

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### HOW LONG?

**H**OW long, all-seeing Lord, how long  
Ere yet thy reign of peace shall come,  
When man shall strive no more with Wrong,  
And frenzied lips of War be dumb?

Though reeking blood and orphan tears  
Have ever yet been Freedom's price,  
In all the onward march of years  
Must these be still the sacrifice?

Must each serener height be gained  
By flashing sword and flaming gun?  
By bosom-thrust and garment stained  
Must every forward step be won?

Shall evil men our way oppose  
Till silenced in the grasp of Death?  
Will naught avail but trenchant blows  
And blighting blast of cannon's breath?

Or, may it be thy will divine  
To leave unchecked this crimson flood?  
Must Freedom's sacrifice, as thine,  
Be made in vesture dipped in blood?

*A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Wherein we err for lack of light,  
O plainer make thy hidden ways;  
If wrongly we contend for Right,  
Forgive, and make our wrath thy praise.

*And Other Poems*

---

ONWARD.

FAR-SEEING Fate, controlling all,  
Uplifts the race by slow degrees,  
And men and nations rise and fall  
Obedient to her dark decrees.

Her hand unseen directs our ways  
And guides through evil into good;  
The turbaned Moslem kneels and prays  
Where shrieking fanes of Moloch stood.

A tyrant hand may redden France  
And topple monarchs from the throne,  
But Europe's cringing hosts advance  
And claim their harvests as their own.

Whoe'er by Clive or Hastings bled,  
They wrought with Progress and with Fate,  
For India lifts her languid head  
And slowly strides to Freedom's gate.

Awhile the gloom of battle-smoke,  
Then flame and roar of cannon cease,  
The chains of slavery are broke  
And Egypt wears the smile of peace.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Did Rhodes but dream an idle dream,  
Or was his vision that of Clive?  
The hour had struck for veldt and stream  
To break the shackle and the gyve.

The Cross that lights the Southern skies  
Should look on triple Cross below,  
For where the flag of Britain flies  
Unfettered Faith and Freedom grow.

Nor may the tumult all be vain,  
Nor every blood-besprinkled field,  
For flaming roar and drenching rain  
Foretell the peaceful autumn yield.

Another land has Britain freed  
From slavish wrong and settled night;  
Another host must Britain lead  
To far-off leveled plains of light.

In Greece our Art and Learning grew,  
From her Castalian fount we draw;  
Where Rome's imperial eagles flew  
She left her Government and Law;

But Britain's meed of fame shall be,  
Though all her fanes to dust be hurled,  
She nurtured Freedom by the sea  
And gave it to the waiting world.

## *And Other Poems*

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### MAJUBA HILL.

. . . *the voices of the dead*  
*Sound like a distant torrent's fall.—Byron.*

COMRADES that have long been sleeping  
On Majuba's rugged hill,  
Hark, I hear a murmur sweeping  
Through the moonlit silence chill.

Daisied down and heathered highland ,  
Harvest plain and mapled height,  
Flock-frequented southern island  
Rise before my visioned sight.

Gay with flags and lances gleaming,  
Tramping to the beat of drum,  
Forth from cot and palace teeming,  
Shoreward marching, thousands come.

Now their coursers tread the billows  
Foaming white beneath their feet—  
Comrades, turn upon your pillows!  
Hear the iron pulses beat!

See, they stand with armor glancing  
Marshaled at the bugle call;  
Now they sternly come, advancing  
Over trench and mountain wall.

## *A Blossom of the Sec*

---

Onward, flaming death defying,  
Battling with a hidden foe,  
Baffled, bleeding, falling, dying,  
Move the legions, thinning slow.

Yonder on the crest appearing,  
Up they burst 'mid crash of gun!  
Hark, the mighty roar of cheering—  
Foemen fled and victory won!

Stamp this deep on deathless pages:  
"Justice often tarries long,  
But, though slumbering for ages,  
Ever rights a human wrong."

Once again on Freedom's altar  
Lie our best and dearest slain;  
But can sons of Britain falter,  
Though another's be the gain?

Long your name shall live in story,  
Ye that nobly fought and well;  
Welcome to our bed of glory,  
Ye that as avengers fell.

Ours to fail in the endeavor;  
Yours to win the bloody field,  
Yours to live in fame forever;  
Ours to die—but not to yield.

*And Other Poems*

---

Barren, bleak and lonely mountain,  
Now departed is thy shame;  
Cleansed by victor's crimson fountain,  
Thine is now an honored name.

In the silence deep and solemn  
We shall slumber now content;  
Rear for us no storied column,  
This our noblest monument!

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### CANADA TO COLUMBIA.

O ELDER sister, though thou didst of yore  
Forsake thy mother's ancient hall and flee  
To be the chosen bride of Liberty,  
She cherishes her grief and wrath no more,  
Nor seeks the broken circle to restore,  
Yet fain would clasp thee to her breast again,  
But thou aloof uncertain dost remain.

O canst thou not the one mistake forget  
Of her that bore thee, taught thy lips to frame  
Thy early words, thy God in prayer to name;  
That in the paths of right and justice set  
Thy feet, where not infrequent walk they yet;  
That stood devoted at thy youthful side,  
Nor e'en her blood in thy defence denied?

But if thy younger sister yet abide  
Content and happy in her mother's hall,  
Nor feel the bond of blood a menial thrall,  
But, leaning heart to heart, of choice confide  
In mother yet as dearest guard and guide,—  
If thou wilt not thy mother's love regain,  
Why must thy cradle sister plead in vain?

## *And Other Poems*

---

Yet all the best that bubbles in our veins  
We sisters drew from that one Saxon breast.  
Where oftentimes thy maiden cheek has pressed,  
Mine resting still in loving trust remains.  
Our bonds of blood should be enduring chains.  
Obey thy heart and grasp the proffered hand,  
Then all the world our wills may not withstand.  
1898.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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### COLUMBIA TO CANADA.

**L**ONG have I proudly held aloof, nor designed  
To tread the chambers of that mother's hall  
Who, when I heard the bridegroom's earnest call,  
With needless force my hasting feet detained  
Till deep our garments were in crimson stained,  
Till by her altar, cleft and overturned,  
Among the ashes cold, lay Love inurned.

I fled, and far away in western wild,  
Where Heaven keeps from dusk to dawn unfurled  
My banner broad and blue and star-empierled,  
Have I a home on ampler basis piled,  
And busy wrought, alone, unreconciled.  
Thee, by thy mother biding, loved I not,  
And even smote when yet my wrath was hot.

But when, indignant at a neighbor's woe,  
Who, crouching 'neath the trampling heel, awoke  
At last to strike the swift avenging stroke,  
But, fainting, sank beneath redoubled blow,  
I dared to smite the swarthy alien foe,  
And all with threatening aspect stood around,  
In her a friend, in her alone, I found.

## *Ana Other Poems*

---

And then the dormant memories of the years  
When happy in her constant love I dwelt  
Came flooding back again, until I felt  
The lengthened absence only more endears  
That mother whom my inner soul reveres.  
Together be our banners broad unfurled—  
The Cross, the Stars, the beacons of the world!  
1898.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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### BUILDERS OF THE BROAD DOMINION.

**B**UILDERS of the broad Dominion,  
Delve foundations deep and wide,  
Strong to bear a noble structure  
That, resisting rage of tempest,  
Through the ages shall abide.  
Build enduring walls of beauty,  
Crown the shining crest with turrets,  
Seat it high upon the summit,  
Where its light shall serve the nations  
As a beacon and a guide.

Builders of the broad Dominion,  
Build as if in Heaven's sight;  
Bending with becoming reverence,  
Mould your laws in truth and justice,—  
God is yet a God of Right.  
Masses make a rabble merely,  
Only men of thought a nation;  
Fling abroad the flag of Knowledge,  
Gather 'neath it all the people:  
God is too a God of Light.

Builders of the broad Dominion,  
Union only can succeed:  
Stay the petty strife of party,

## *And Other Poems*

---

Stop the hungry hunt for office,  
Hush the crafty cry of creed.  
Labor for your land's advancement  
As a banded league of brothers;  
Climb, but lift your comrades with you:  
Set your heart on something higher  
Than the lust of selfish greed.

Builders of the broad Dominion,  
Love the honor of your land:  
Meet your neighbor as an equal,  
Crouch nor cringe for crumbs of favor,  
Give and take a brother's hand.  
British blood is bounding in you,  
British hearts within you beating.—  
Never basely kneels the Briton.  
Bow to none in meek submission;  
Proudly face the world and stand.

Builders of the broad Dominion,  
Dowered rich are your domains:  
Land of lake and rushing river,  
Land of fragrant slopes of forest,  
Land of level pathless plains;  
Land where summer sunlight lingers  
Painting peach and flushing apple;  
Land of bright and bracing winters  
Sending vital force and vigor  
Flashing, thrilling through the veins.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Builders of the broad Dominion,  
Waiting long your wealth has lain:  
Mountain breasts, to fulness bursting,  
Laced with shining veins of metal,  
Wait for you to stoop and drain;  
Prairies, that a thousand ages  
Have been storing deep with richness,  
As a food for future millions,  
Wait to fill your cloven furrows  
With the wealth of waving grain.

Builders of the broad Dominion,  
Mount your iron steed and roam,  
Set his name of silver streaming,  
Heat his blood to seething hisses,  
Bring your boundless treasure home.  
Trail the timbers from the forest,  
Whirl your wheels with tossing torrents,  
Delve a deeper path to ocean,  
Lade your vessels to the bulwarks,  
Plough the plunging deeps to foam.

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# *Sonnets*



## *And Other Poems*

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### ENGLAND.

○ MOTHER, pilot in remoter sea,  
Redeemer of the wild and barren land,  
That all may under Freedom's banner stand  
And hear thy world-wide mandate to be free,  
Thy ancient foes in envy picture thee  
A greedy tyrant wielding flaming brand,  
And ruthless crushing with a bloody hand  
The brave that will not tamely bow the knee.

Yet thou hast pardoned traitors from thy hearth,  
And stealthy foes that, masked in thine array,  
When winning, strip the maimed and even slay;  
And thou alone on all the reddened earth  
Hast paused to shield amid the frenzied strife  
A fighting foe's forsaken child and wife.

### THE BAY OF QUINTE.

○ BAY of beauty, hollowed by the hands  
That in the heavens rolled the orbs of flame;  
○ flashing mirror set in emerald frame  
Where Morn, awaking, mutc in rapture stands,  
And Eve, disrobing, lays her jeweled bands;  
Where placid wave and lulling airs proclaim

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

For silken sail a haven safe, the same  
As for the panting barge from other lands.

Fair image of our God's wide-open palm,  
That proffers beauties from the morning sweet  
Till dusky fingers Twilight's lattice close,  
And when at last we turn to seek repose,—  
If Life have been with toil or play replete,—  
Provides for each a haven safe and calm.

### A LEADER.

**W**E SAW the sun with glorious rising beams  
Dispersing shadows of our western sky,  
With light increasing ever soaring high  
And warming all our waiting hills and streams.  
He touched the peaks where southern eagle screams  
Till kindly wonder kindled in her eye;  
He eastward let his shining arrows fly  
Till ancient kingdoms wakened from their dreams.

But now behold, alas, some fateful hand  
A veil of cloud o'er all his glory throws  
And casts a blight of darkness o'er the land  
On which the brightness of his dawning rose.  
Shall such a sun in noontide splendor stand,  
Yet sink in night and darkness at its close?

## *And Other Poems*

---

### THE MARSH IN WINTER.

THE marsh now lies in desolation drear,  
And igloos fur-clad Eskimos have built  
Amid the tangled flags that, pale and sere  
(Broken Excaliburs bereft of jeweled hilt),  
Are isled among the icy seas and shoals:  
A chill domain of death,—a desert lone  
Where Life is not; but lost and wandering souls  
Sweep by on midnight wings with shriek and moan.

Yet here a voice shall bid the dead arise,  
An arm relift the blade above the mere,  
And, beckoned from remoter southern skies,  
Shall wingèd wanderers nest and babble here,  
Whenever Spring, God's resurrecting breath,  
Shall breathe upon this frozen realm of death.

### DEFORMITIES.

WHENE'ER we meet a fellow-mortal born  
With shapeliness of figure unendowed,—  
A feature drawn awry, a shoulder bowed,  
A curved or shrunken limb of vigor shorn,—  
How prone to lift derisive lip in scorn,  
And, careless of the sting, to cry aloud  
The mocking name that flings a sadder cloud  
Upon a brow sufficiently forlorn!

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

And yet the man we seldom so despise,  
That hath his inward self distorted made,  
That fouls his lip with curse and reeking jest,  
That hides a sink of baseness in his breast,  
And boasts of trustful confidence betrayed,  
By sleek hypocrisy and fawning lies.

### THE DEATH AND MEMORY OF THE JUST.

WHEN silent hushes come, and dying Day  
His hand extends a gleam with heaven's gold,  
To bless his waiting children of the wold,  
He leaves a radiance where his fingers lay;  
When Autumn, too, arising, soars away  
With fiery steeds and chariot flame-enrolled,  
He downward flings his mantle's gleaming fold  
And wraps the watching woods in bright array.

So, on the features of departing saint  
A softened gleam of glory often grows  
That seems a radiance streaming far and faint  
From Heaven's gate beginning to unclose.  
In death, the glory hushes all complaint,  
And radiant are the golden afterglows.

WHAT hand has ever stayed the coming tide?  
It sweeps at last the stoutest soul away.  
Why dream we not and rest our little day?  
Death takes the sweet-lipped maiden at our side,

## *And Other Poems*

---

The friend of constant heart and judgment tried,  
And stands with finger ready raised, that may  
Upon our busy hands a silence lay  
Ere aught be done that seeming may abide.

True heart, forbear to falter at thy task,  
Nor pause and tremble at the yawning sod:  
Thy comrades of the morning thou shalt meet.  
Fill life with deeds: not thine it is to ask  
If thou or other shall the work complete:  
Perform thy part and leave the rest to God.

**T**HE father sends his children to the field  
And bids them labor till the call to rest,  
Cleaving the glebe, removing from its breast  
Encumb'ring stone and wealth-absorbing weed,  
Dispensing carefully the chosen seed,  
That here they in the harvest hour may gain  
Reward of ripened sheaves and garnered grain,  
When autumn shall her due abundance yield.

'The Master sends us to the fields of Life  
Our given task with patience to fulfil,  
Not ceasing till the summons to depart.  
Contending for the right, and waging strife  
With every form of soul-retarding ill:  
We reap the harvest daily in the heart.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

“QUIT work and live: we'll be a long time dead.”  
Nay, rather work that we may never die.  
“In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread”—

These Scripture words do seemingly imply  
A curse, but are a blessing in disguise.

The truest pleasure man can ever find  
Is when in honest work he busy plies  
All energies of hand and heart and mind.

There is a longing in each human breast  
Not even in the dust to lie forgot:  
Only the one that bravely does his best,—  
How long may be the task it matters not,—  
Fulfilling all commands his God may give,  
Hereafter, nay, e'en *here*, does *truly* live.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

*Obit February, 1899*

A SOUL like that of Keats, with Beauty thrilled,  
Hath also ere its noontide perished long;  
The seraph lips amid their gladdest song  
Some hand of silent touch hath ever stilled.  
The harp lies broken; and the finger, skilled  
To waken numbers cheery, sweet, and strong,  
No more the gladsome cadence shall prolong  
Till every listening heart with hope be filled.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Though dear the loss of that unfinished strain,  
Though skilful hand and tuneful lip be gone,  
He hath not swept the string nor sung in vain:  
The song that swelled with hope and loving trust  
Shall e'er in cheerful notes go ringing on,  
Nor die and be enshrouded with his dust.

THEODORE H. RAND.

WHERE sleepless Minas in a weird unrest  
Blew loud his trump or moaned his dirge of  
pain,

He caught the roll and cadence of a strain  
That human lip had never yet expressed.  
'Mid academic temples of the West  
The sounds of home rang o'er and o'er again,  
Till swelling came, attuned to that refrain,  
The thrilling song that haunted long his breast.

But, by the sea, his lonely mother yearned  
With Honor's wreath her absent son to grace.  
In jealous joy to see him home returned  
She wrapt him close in overfond embrace.  
Now, still and songless, on her breast he sleeps,  
And sorrowed Minas ever moans and weeps.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### ALEXANDRA

**A**VIKING'S daughter, love-allured, she came  
O'er northern deeps to share a sea-king's  
throne;

No heartier welcome has a princess known,  
No fairer bride could prouder monarch claim;  
Years have not dimmed her welcome nor her fame;  
And now, while bowing myriads bemoan  
Her Edward's loss, for her, bereft and lone,  
Our trembling lips the tenderest blessings frame.

Faint not, dear heart, beneath thy weight of woe;  
Fairest of queens, our Britain ill can spare  
The gentle hand that knows the art that brings  
Distress relief, like magic touch of kings.

Late may thy feet to tread his way prepare,  
Long may the world thy angel presence know.

### ON VIEWING KING EDWARD'S PICTURE

**M**ETHINKS I see in that majestic face  
The cheeriness that speaks the hearty friend,  
The purpose firm, undaunted to the end;  
The wisdom that a kingly brow should grace;  
And something, too, divinely sad—the trace  
Of cares and sore perplexities that rend  
The earnest heart when those beloved contend,  
Forgetful how they ruin or debase.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Model of monarchs, king in mind and heart,  
Too diligent he has the people served,  
Nor paused till death his busy hand unnerved.  
On him, the lord of kingdoms far apart,  
As now he lays his earthly sceptre down,  
In love the world bestows her richest crown.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

*Obit June 7th, 1910.*

TEACHER and Sage who wrote with magic pen  
Dipped in Castalian fount, who standing by  
Surveyed with clear and unimpassioned eye  
The deeds of nations and the thoughts of men;  
Keen to discern a human wrong, and then  
Bold to o'erthrow the Dagon and defy  
With dignity the clam'rous hosts that try  
Their fallen idol to erect again.

O Soul clear-visioned, hast thou fathomed now  
The Riddle of Existence that perplexed  
Thy honest heart and clouded oft thy brow?  
Full needlessly has this thy bosom vexed—  
Ready thy heart and ready was thy pen  
For aught that cheered or blessed thy fellowmen.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

*Obit August 13th, 1910*

NATIONS HAD stormed their heated wrath away,  
And, torn by shell and trenched by eager steel  
And trampled by the frenzied charger's heel,  
Thousands of Britain's best and bravest lay

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Sore racked with pangs; and Pestilence held sway  
In barren sheds, and set a scarlet seal  
On lip and brow, that might to Death reveal,  
Than in the battling ranks a surer prey.

Angel of Hope and Healing, dying men  
Paused on the verge to answer her recall  
And felt the thrill of life reviving when  
She laid her hand upon each beating brow.  
They rose to bless her as she passed, as all  
Arise and bless her as she passes now.

MARK TWAIN.

*Obit April 21, 1910.*

STRUGGLING to reach some far dim-lying coast,  
O'er sands that burn, in vales remote from day,  
On rocky summits bleak, in dense array,  
Or scattered ranks, we strove, a fainting host:  
Maker of Mirth, when thou wert given the post  
Of guide to lead by more delightful way,  
Ever thou didst a cheery front display  
E'en when thy heart was crushed and bleeding most.

Nor less a guide, nor least in merit thou,  
Though thy commands were given with a smile;  
Thou hast inspired as leader of the van  
Because we knew thou wert in heart a man,  
Honest in thought and deed, contemning guile,  
Worthy this wreath we lay upon thy brow.

*And Other Poems*

---

FRAGMENTS.

By outward dress the heart we measure oft :  
The thistle hath a thorny coat, but yet  
The bee can find a bosom silken-soft  
And ruby lips with dewy sweetness wet.

The many tasks I leave undone  
Demand an age of years ;  
Too soon the slender thread is spun,  
Too swift the fatal shears.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### LES BELLES CANADIENNES.

#### TO LOUISE.

O GLOSSY locks that Night with dusky hand  
Hath swept in waves and lit with lurking light,  
Profusely clustered round a forehead bright  
With beams of beauty brought from Morning Land!  
O lips that breathe of scented blossoms fanned  
By low-voiced breezes loitering in their flight!  
O eyes of darksome depths of lustrous Night  
That dream of waves that lap Italian strand!

The softened glow that slumbers in thine eyes,  
The veil of light about thy forehead thrown,  
A sunny climate only can impart:  
This clime of warm and unobscured skies,  
Where all thy charms have to perfection grown,  
Is but the sunshine of thy loving heart.

#### TO MARIE.

WHEN lonely wanderer on the starless deep,  
By shrouding glooms and baffling blasts dismayed,  
Discerns an isle of ever-during shade,

## *And Other Poems*

---

Of level greens and fairy-haunted steep,  
Where bubbling murmurs o'er the senses creep,  
And snowy lips to fragrant rest persuade,  
He longs to furl his canvas torn and frayed,  
To wake forever or untroubled sleep.

So I, though baffled oft and wandering lone,  
Have found in thee the friend I long have sought,  
With heart and mind responsive to my own;  
And may I in thy presence but abide,  
Enraptured with the music of thy thought.  
No more I seek nor ask a heaven beside.

### TO NELLIE.

ONLY one shrine I kneel to day by day,  
Only one flower to me can fragrant seem,  
Only one bird can thrill me with its lay,  
Only one star can send a cheering beam:  
If then that shrine be closed, I cannot pray;  
That star obscured, all heaven is blank and void;  
That flower dead, all sweetness fled away;  
That bird-voice stilled, all melody destroyed.

And yet I did not deem one absent face,  
One voice unheard, of all that I have known,  
Would render earth a cheerless dwelling-place,  
And make my path so desolate and lone.  
Return, dear face, return, sweet voice, and bring  
The brightness and melodies of Spring.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### TO OLIVE.

I HELD as vain, when ancient sages taught,  
That yonder limpid far-revolving sphere,  
Whose twinkling beams in ether realms appear,  
Could send through deeps of space an impulse fraught  
With mystic, subtle potency that wrought  
The will of destiny on mortals here,  
Throughout their lives determined their career,  
And prompted every secret wish and thought.

No more I disbelieve; for o'er my soul  
Thy subtle spell has come that, near or far,  
On Noontide's heights, or in the Vale of Dream,  
O'er all my being holds a sway supreme.  
How can I doubt that other heavenly star,  
For this does every thought and wish control?

### TO CLARA.

AS ONE who standing on the ocean shore  
Where to his feet are in succession rolled  
Translucent billows fraught with sunset gold  
That seem to float from Heaven's open door  
Must feel the spell of rapture more and more  
The longer he their glory shall behold,  
Till soul and sense in fetters they enfold,  
And he can naught but tremble and adore,

So vainly I thy magic spell withstand;  
For more and more thy fairy arts enthrall,

## *And Other Poems*

---

Till, heart and soul enchanted, I confess  
A passing touch of thy caressing hand,  
A whispered word that from thy lips may fall,  
Can make or mar my lasting happiness.

### TO VIVIAN.

I ASKED my heart, that beats accord with thine,  
What if we twain no more for aye should meet;  
Ne'er dreaming such could be, this heart of mine  
Grew silent at the thought and ceased to beat.  
I asked my soul if gone were its delight,  
Thy kindred soul, would it thy loss deplore;  
It shuddered, plumed a sudden wing for flight  
To leave its mortal cell for evermore.

If we no more may wander hand in hand,  
If we no more may hold communion sweet  
And read a thought as unexpressed command,  
If heart to heart no more responsive beat,  
I care not when the gates of life reclose,  
Nor in what deep of Lethe I repose.

### TO MARGARET.

AS ONE who roaming on a pathless sea  
His bark has guided by one star alone,  
Whose radiant beams upon the billows thrown  
Have been his constant light of destiny,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Must when, in clouds of dark obscurity,  
It disappears, till mists are overblown,  
His canvas furl and wait where glooms unknown  
And moaning winds and heaving waters be;

So I, who centred every wish and thought  
On thee, and ever found thy smile a guide,  
Thy word an inspiration true, nor sought  
Nor even wished another heaven beside  
Thy presence, now deplore the bonds of Fate  
And longing for thy early coming wait.

### TO AILEEN.

WITH vestal veil from glowing brow withdrawn,  
'Mid floating mists and ebon clouds of night  
That faintly shroud her arms and bosom white,  
Betimes appears the Angel of the Dawn  
And swiftly spreads o'er waiting wood and lawn  
The wonder of her all-pervading light,  
Till glooms and shadows far have taken flight  
And Night and all his darkneses are gone.

So comes Aileen, the angel of my heart,  
A gladsome vision, down the winding stair,  
Her beaming brow with loosened tresses crowned  
That float and fold her perfect form around;  
Then, at her magic presence, Gloom and Care  
With all their haunting minions soon depart.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### TO KATIE.

*Wireless Telegraphy.*

**F**LUNG from uplifted tower, on pulsing air  
In viewless waves, our wingèd words we send  
Across unmeasured deeps of distance, where  
Accordant keys alone can comprehend:  
Unfettered, unconfined by Time or Place,  
Can hearts be so attuned that every thought  
May wing its way across the deeps of Space  
And instant by according mind be caught?

It needs must be: else in the silent night,  
Or even 'mid the busy tasks of day,  
Why do I hear thy voice in whispers light  
The message of thy soul to mine convey?  
Annulling Time, o'erleaping Space, to me  
Thy heart-waves come, howe'er remote thou be.

### TO MAUD.

**A**Y, JEALOUS am I when my eyes behold  
The passing breezes wanton with each tress  
That fain my fingers would alone caress,  
And interweave its brown with twilight gold.  
When thou art bent o'er lily snowy cold  
And it uplifts a stealthy hand to press  
Thy cheek of morning flushes, I confess  
My jealous bosom rages uncontrolled.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Again, whene'er I see so fondly pressed  
Some fragrant rose's dewy lips to thine,  
Or when the stars, the eyes of angels, shine  
The brighter at thy glances, in my breast  
A torrent tosses like a troubled sea—  
So deep, so fond, so mad, my love for thee.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### THE BESSEMER, No. 2.

*Lake Erie, December 7, 1910.*

**F**IERCE wrath had darkened heaven's face,  
And Night her blackest pall had cast  
Where billows, caught in dread embrace,  
Were struggling with the frenzied blast.  
Across contending waves of death  
A steel-clad courser takes its way,  
Whose heart-deep groans and hissing breath  
The fierceness of the strife betray.  
With heart of fire and nerves of steel,  
With throbbing veins of rushing blood,  
With roll and toss, with plunge and reel,  
It battles with the raving flood.  
But bitter blew the blast and cold,  
And whirling spume and flying sleet  
Congealed and clung till fold on fold  
It fettered like a winding-sheet.  
Then with a roar, as if on high  
The dome of God were cleft and rent  
And down were crashing star and sky,  
Both maddened Wave and Tempest bent  
Their blows upon its panting side ;  
And one huge mass upon it fell,  
As if the demon, heaven-denied,  
Had issued from his nether hell

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

And, tearing from its native bed  
Some jutting crag, aloft had swung,  
And on the courser, as it sped,  
The mountain mass in fury flung.  
Broke heart of fire, snapped nerves of steel,  
Burst throbbing veins of rushing blood;  
With roll and toss and plunge and reel  
It sank beneath the heaving flood.  
The skies assumed a darker frown:  
With dismal shriek and sullen roar  
Where sank the gallant courser down  
Fought Wave and Tempest as before.

When came the crash nine men resigned  
Their task below and gained the deck,  
And, undeterred by wave or wind,  
Half-clad escaped the shattered wreck.  
The oars with willing hands they plied,  
But knew not where the prow to turn;  
With starless sky and tossing tide  
No homeward way could they discern.  
But cold and bitter blew the blast,  
And flying foam and cutting sleet  
Congealed and clung and slowly glassed  
Their forms in icy winding-sheet.  
They called: the Tempest mocked their cries.  
They thought of home and wife and cot,  
And lifted hands to sullen skies  
And prayed; but Heaven heard them not.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Yet Death was kind: for soon grow dumb  
Their pleading lips, and heart and brain,  
As fast their limbs congeal, become  
To anguish deadened and to pain.  
Visions arise of perils past,  
Of greeting wife, of hearth aglow  
With warmth, of restful couch at last  
And grateful slumber stealing slow  
O'er wearied limbs, until there seems  
On marble face, in staring eyes  
The joy of those that see, in gleams  
Afar, The Land of Glad Surprise.

When morning breaks, the sun beams cold  
On waves that heave with muffled roar,  
Where frozen forms yet firmly hold  
In rigid hands the useless oar.  
Each in his place still forward leans,  
As if his frosted eyes the Maze  
Of Dark had pierced that ever screens  
The Future from our mortal gaze.

If martyrs faithful to their creeds  
May wing their way to Heav'n through flame,  
May not those faithful in their deeds  
A like reward through suff'ring claim?  
If e'er in duty failed they aught  
Are they not purified by pain?  
Have they not well the battle fought  
And shall they not the Haven gain?

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### A LESSON.

I FLUNG me down amid a cypress shade  
And muttered in my bitter gloomy mood:  
"What profit in a kindly deed or good?  
The wrong, the right,—and why distinction made?  
The wrong is soon forgiven or forgot;  
The right unseen, or swift remembered not."

But, as I spoke, a vile, envenomed worm  
Came crawling through the rubbish foul and dank,  
Though often out of sight the creature sank,  
Yet up again the horrid shape would squirm:  
Though coiled and hidden under leafage fair,  
I knew the lurking horror still was there.

Then fell through parted leaves a beam of light  
And dropped beside my feet a round of gold.  
Though high I heaped the filth-polluted mould,  
I could not dim nor hide the beam from sight:  
And leaf and tinted bloom upon it laid  
Were flushed to life and more enchanting made.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### THE PASSING YEAR.

**A** CHILD in ermined robes she came  
And swept on sledges gliding swift  
Adown the sloping winter drift  
Till flushed her cheek with tinted flame ;  
Or, cut in curves the frozen flood  
Till, flashing from her downy hood,  
Her eyes with laughter brimming stood.

When fluted music filled the wold,  
A maiden now and stately grown,  
In gown of green and loosened zone,  
Beside the woodland brook she strolled ;  
Or, on its margin couch reclined,  
And fragrant wreath or garland twined  
Her locks of sunlit brown to bind.

In mantle bright with harvest hues,  
With sober matron step she went  
Where orchard boughs o'erladen bent  
With crimson cups of cooling dews ;  
Or, through the ripened valleys paced,  
And oft her golden girdle graced  
With drooping ears in cluster placed.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

But now, when dusky mellow haze  
Bedims her sight, she sets aglow  
Her maple torch and, crouching low,  
Surveys her robes of other days;  
But finding every treasured gown  
And garland faded, torn and brown,  
With broken sigh she lays them down.

Ah! needless all adornments now!  
For soon her busy hands will rest  
Upon her still, white-shrouded breast,  
And pallor clothe her dreamless brow:  
The closing scene is nearing fast;  
Full soon are hers the chambers vast  
And shadow valleys of the Past.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### TO A FRIEND.

**H**OW can the worth of friendship be portrayed?  
Though man has measured mountains heaven-  
crowned,  
In ocean's darkest deep the plummet laid,  
Has tracked the glowing planet's whirling round,  
In balance set the far-off burning sphere,  
He yet the worth of faithful friend sincere  
Can never mete with rod, with plummet sound,  
Nor weigh with nicest poise of balanced scale,  
Nor spy with crystal lenses that unveil  
The limpid worlds in azure deeps profound.

Thy presence brings a gentle, steady light  
However dark the shadows that impend,  
A stronger inspiration for the right,  
A purer zeal for being's nobler end,  
While baser aspirations all depart:  
When absent, still thy memory in my heart  
A presence is from evil to defend  
Lest mute reproof in thine eyes may be.  
In long communion thou hast been to me  
That best of Heaven's gifts, a perfect friend.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

And shall I then thy merits tribute give,  
Or hesitate to speak deserved praise?  
Until beloved ones have ceased to live  
Too oft their due the tardy tongue delays,  
Then mutters praise to senseless ears of death.  
Nay, rather, while the bosom's quickened breath  
The joy of commendation yet betrays,  
While yet a glow can flush the conscious cheek  
And light the eye responsive, let me speak  
Ere silence on my lip her finger lays.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### FALLING STARS.

THE merry baby angels  
Make little glowing stars,  
And tripping to the gateway  
Out-tinge them through the bars.

They laugh to see them falling  
With shining trails of light,  
As you and I may see them  
On any summer night.

They sink in limpid waters,  
On golden couches lie,  
And mock the merry glances  
Of comrades in the sky.

But some from vernal mosses  
Their blossom heads upraise  
And stand in dreamless moonlight  
With dewy breasts ablaze,

Till, winged with heaven-longing,  
They seek their natal sky,  
And faded garments only  
Among the mosses lie.

But still on cloudless midnights  
They crowd the vaulted blue  
And twinkle loving glances  
And messages to you.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### FAIRY LAND.

SILENTLY from azure heaven  
Wing the flakes of snow,  
Whirling, floating, softly lighting,  
Like the falling leaves of autumn  
Earthward sinking slow.  
Hung with dainty lawns and laces,  
Spruce and cedar boughs are bending  
Till their taper tips are resting  
On the sward below.

Earth becomes a marble palace—  
Marble pavements 'neath the feet,  
Marble colonnades and arches  
Passing wildest dream of artist  
Everywhere the vision meet;  
Where before were shrubs and hedges  
Now are marble shrines and grottoes  
Carved in Arabesque fantastic,  
Every spray and leaf complete.

As the evening sun ere setting  
Flings o'er all his golden spell,  
Hand and hand two little maidens  
Wandering in this realm of splendor  
Feel a joy no lip can tell.

## *And Other Poems*

---

As they pass the snowy grottoes,  
One whose inmost soul is beauty  
To her younger sister whispers,  
"This is where the fairies dwell."

Seeing all this grace and splendor  
None of us can understand,  
Not in error was the maiden  
In her pretty childhood fancy  
When she deemed it Fairy Land.  
Such enchanting forms of beauty,  
Chastely planned and deftly moulded,  
Prove there is a Mind of Beauty  
And a more than mortal Hand.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### THE ROBINS.

AS A fragrant breath from a mead afar  
There came to the robins a whisper low  
As they slept and dreamed under southern star,  
"The fairies are lifting the veils of snow,  
Blithe April is coming in flowery car  
And the Dawns are setting the world aglow."

They freighted their air-borne ships at night  
And breasted the waves of the upper blue;  
They set their sails by the Northern Light  
And steered where the lure of the homeland drew;  
And their glad hearts thrilled as they hove in sight,  
As the heart must thrill if the heart be true.

And now, in the shelter of evergreen boughs,  
In the twilight hush of the dying day  
They whisper their secrets and plight their vows:  
They sing in the morning their hearts away  
As the waking world with a call they rouse  
To rejoice in life and be glad as they.

*SONGS*



## *And Other Poems*

---

### A SONG.

#### ANTICIPATION.

O COME, for the light  
Is low on the hill,  
And, far away, Night  
Is lingering still.

Be nigh when the flush  
Of daylight departs,  
That the calm and the hush  
May quiet our hearts.

O stay till the stars  
At the sky-lattice stand  
Unfolding the bars  
With flame-lighted hand.

Enclasp me once more  
As a dove to thy breast,  
My locks as of yore  
By thy fingers caressed.

Then gaze in my eyes  
Till my soul thou shalt see,  
For mirrored there lies  
But an image of thee.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Reclined on thy breast,  
Awake yet adream,  
Thy lips touch and rest  
Light as leaf on a stream.

Their warmth and their glow  
Set my being aflame,  
As wine-flushes flow  
In thrills through the frame.

Dispel not the charm,  
For aye let me rest,—  
My shelter thy arm,  
My heaven thy breast.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### ELAINE.

Dear, dainty Elaine,  
Her voice has a strain  
Like heart-haunting music of yore;  
The sound of her feet  
Is like far-echoed beat,  
In some fairy retreat,  
Of dream-laden wave on the shore.

### CHORUS.

This dainty, this fairy Elaine,  
The rarest, the sweetest,  
The fairest, the neatest,  
In grace the completest,  
The Edens of earth yet contain.

Like mist-veil withdrawn  
From the forehead of Dawn  
Seems floating each soft ebon tress;  
And her little white hand,  
Like a magical wand,  
Holds my heart at command  
By a touch or a clinging caress.—CHORUS.

If with dim mystic glow,  
Like a flame burning low,  
They cast but a glance into mine,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Her dark-looming eyes  
My soul hypnotize  
Till submissive it lies,  
Or thrills as with flushes of wine.—CHORUS.

Her slow-heaving breast  
Is a pillow of rest  
With fresh apple bloom swelling high;  
And her breath, lightly drawn,  
Is the faint air of dawn  
That steals on the lawn  
From the roses their first waking sigh.—CHORUS.

Her lips once to kiss  
Were sufficient of bliss  
To compensate for ages of pain,  
Could one only forget,  
Or cease to regret,  
Nor long ever yet  
To press them again and again.—CHORUS.

Dear, dainty Elaine,  
To be mine would she deign,  
Of Earth I should ask nothing more;  
And no heaven were fair,  
But a realm of despair,  
If she were not there,  
Forever to love and adore.—CHORUS.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### SONG.

WHEN robins pipe their warning,  
    Across the dewy lea,  
With flushing, fragrant morning  
    Come sweeter thoughts of thee.

All day the moments winging  
    In ceaseless, silent flight,  
Soul messages are bringing  
    On passing pinions light.

When from the heaven starlit  
    The twilight glories fall,  
Those dreamy lamps afar-lit  
    Thy limpid eyes recall.

Thee, when my spirit gazes  
    Through misty vales of dream,  
I see in all the mazes  
    Of valley, hill and stream.

All joys my heart hath tasted  
    Seem nothing now to me,  
And every moment wasted  
    Unspent in thoughts of thee.

### SONG.

O TURN to me dearest, no longer allow  
    A frown to enshadow so placid a brow.  
Ah, pardon—(for anguish my reasoning drowns)—  
So lovely a face cannot darken with frowns.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

O turn to me dearest and smile once again  
To soften my anguish, to banish my pain:  
To journey through life if thy smile were withdrawn  
Were to roam through a land when the flowers are  
gone.

O turn to me dearest, once more let me hear  
Thy sweet, mellow tones and thy laugh ringing clear:  
No longer to list to thy low whispered word  
Were to dwell in a land without streamlet or bird.

O turn to me dearest, to pardon, forgive,  
Look kindly again, bid thy suppliant live:  
To meet never more the warm glance of thine eye  
Were to dwell on an earth with no sun in the sky.

O turn to me dearest, avert not thy face,  
'Tis the lodestar of hope in this desolate place:  
'Tis the Vision by day, with the beckoning hand;  
'Tis the angel I meet in the dim Slumber Land.

O turn to me dearest; thou art, O believe,  
The image I kneel to at morn and at eve.  
If idolaters never a heaven may see,  
No heaven is mine, for I worship but thee.

But thou art to me the one heaven I know,  
Sufficient for any fond mortal below;  
But, oh, when the earth and its joys are all by,  
To what other world will my spirit then fly?

## *And Other Poems*

---

The fiends from their prison my soul would expel  
For loving an angel of heaven too well;  
And the angels forever exclude from the throne,  
For naught could I worship except thee alone.

### SONG.

WHEN down from realms of peerless blue  
The vernal suns their glances throw,  
Forbid the blooms to wake and lift  
Their faces to the genial glow;  
Forbid, by day, the constant gaze  
That adoration mute declares,—  
By night, to veil their vestal brows  
And breathe their incense-laden prayers;  
And then forbid my soul to be  
Entranced and worship only thee.

When winging from the western wave  
The rising winds begin to blow,  
Forbid the bending bough to sway,  
Or fluttering leaf to tremble so;  
Forbid the placid, dreaming lake  
Its surging billows high to fling,  
Or dimple into dainty smiles  
When lightly swept by swallow's wing;  
And then forbid my heart to thrill  
Or throb responsive to thy will.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### SONG.

**S**HE'S a bright little, slight little maid ;  
But her hand on my life-harp when laid  
Can evoke any strain,  
Whether rapture or pain,  
A mortal touch ever essayed.

She's a lithe little, blithe little maid ;  
As a queen's her commands are obeyed :  
Nor enslaved though I be  
Would I wish to be free,  
Or deem that my fetters degrade.

She's a sweet little, neat little maid ;  
But her eye from the dark ambuscade  
Or a low-drooping lash  
Such an arrow can flash  
As no soul can withstand or evade.

She's a fair little, rare little maid,  
And her love from my heart cannot fade ;  
Angels offer no gain,  
Nor the fiends threaten pain,  
That my soul from its love can dissuade.

*IN  
LIGHTER  
VEIN*



## *And Other Poems*

---

### HOW JENNIE CROSSED THE BORDER.

“I’M A LITTLE luckless maiden  
Of a poor benighted land  
Where the Bird of Freedom never  
Comes its pinions to expand.  
I shall break my galling fetters,  
O’er the border I shall flee  
For the full exhilaration  
Of the equal and the free.”  
Thus within my heart I reasoned,  
And persuaded Cousin Joe  
To the land of light and freedom  
From this slavish land to go.

When at last we reached the border,  
There we saw a joyous band  
Singing loud to bid us welcome,  
“Hail, Columbia, happy land.”  
Now they tell me there’s sparkle  
In my merry eyes of blue,  
On my cheek the flush of roses  
When they’re sprinkled with the dew.  
Though, of course, I don’t believe them,  
Yet my Cousin Joe avers

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

That my face is quite enchanting  
When it peeps from fluffy furs.  
So I donned a cosy jacket  
And a jaunty cap of seal,  
With a secret resolution  
Hearts of freedom there to steal.  
As a handsome lad approached me  
In a coat of blue, I fear  
That my eyes did slightly sparkle  
And a little flush appear.  
Oh, but how my pulses fluttered  
When he beckoned me aside  
With an air that plainly stated  
That he wouldn't be denied.  
"One request I have, dear maiden,—  
Pray refuse me not and scoff,—  
Give me——both your cap and jacket,  
They're not stamped with 'Pribyloff.'  
Here we boast of perfect freedom;  
Freely therefore I declare,  
If our country you would enter,  
Foreign furs you must not wear."  
Then I felt the breath of freedom  
(It was ten degrees below)  
Standing minus cap and jacket  
On the platform in the snow,  
For he gathered up my garments,  
Turned and coldly left me there.  
(Surely when they bought Alaska  
Home they brought the Russian Bear.)

## And Other Poems

---

Then the group around the station  
Sang aloud another strain—  
Loud and long they sang exultant  
And we caught the glad refrain—  
" 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Then I thought: "I'm yet a stranger;  
This the only way may be  
That this people have of making  
Others *feel* completely free.  
Calmly bear the slight discomfort:  
Surgeons often cure with pain;  
Custom makes us hug our fetters;  
Great may be the final gain."

Then I grew quite philanthropic:  
I would nurse them in their ills;  
So I donned a cap and apron  
And a dainty cap and frills.  
Scarce I entered on my duties  
When arrived Inspector Byrne.  
I was summoned to his presence  
And he gave me such a turn—  
For he turned me off and sent me  
Packing home the morrow morn,  
Saying, "We allow no nurses,—  
None except the native born."

Worse than mine was Joe's adventure.  
When the great inspector learned

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Joe had found a situation,  
He was summoned too and "Byrned."  
Proud the great inspector's bearing,  
Noble were his words and grand:  
"Pole, Italian or Hungarian  
Shall be welcome to our land;  
But the alien from the border,  
Man or maiden though it be,  
Never shall be free to labor  
In the country of the free."

Loud again broke in the music  
And our souls were thrilled and stirred,  
As in grand triumphant chorus  
Swelling high and clear we heard:  
"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring."

Joe and I then started homeward  
(Which we couldn't well avoid),  
But somehow upon the journey  
Both were more than overjoyed.  
"Well," said I to Joe, "hereafter  
Canada's the home for me,  
Where they don't *sing* much of freedom,  
But where men are truly free;

## And Other Poems

---

Where a man wears what he pleases  
If it's good in heaven's sight;  
Where a man is free to labor,  
Or do anything that's right;  
Where the laws are fair and equal,  
Justice never tarries long,  
Strong and swift to guard the upright,  
Swift and sure to punish wrong;  
Where the hand of legislator  
Never sways at touch of gold  
While our private rights and public  
Are for favor bought and sold;  
Where a theft is simply *stealing*,  
If the theft be great or small,  
Though it bear the seal and sanction  
Of a legislative hall;  
Where a mighty corporation  
Cannot buy a tyrant's chain  
That will fetter honest rivals  
In the hurried race for gain;  
Where the struggling rush for riches  
Has not strangled heart and soul;  
Where the claims of God and justice  
Still are felt and still control;  
Where uprightness is an honor  
And dishonesty a blight;  
Where successful craft and cunning  
Do not pass for truth and right.  
Therefore, Joe, the Land of Maples  
Shall in future be my home;  
While a roof affords me shelter  
Never shall I further roam."

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

To a subject patriotic,  
    Though my words are most sublime,  
Joe will never give attention  
    Twenty minutes at a time.  
"Well," he said, "about the country  
    You and I can both agree ;  
There I own a little cottage,—  
    Won't it do for you and me?"

Wasn't that a mean advantage?  
    What could helpless maiden say?  
I'll not tell you all the story,  
    But I did not say him nay.  
With a kind of roguish twinkle  
    'Neath his drooping lid concealed,  
Joe remarked that every bargain  
    To be valid must be sealed.  
"Certainly," said I, "the parting  
    With my furs has cost me pain ;  
I'll be only too delighted  
    To be quickly 'sealed' again."

This is how I crossed the border  
    To a free and happy land.  
Look beside the maples yonder,  
    There you'll see our cottage stand.  
Though of course I don't believe him,  
    Yet my husband, Joe, avers  
Someone's face is quite enchanting  
    In these cosy, fluffy furs.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### A MORNING'S ADVENTURES WITH AUTOS.

'T WAS a morn of early autumn  
When the leaves were faintly brown  
That I harnessed Maud and Katie  
For a pleasant jaunt to town.  
Cousin Jennie sat beside me  
In a suit of latest mode,  
Maud and Katie beat a music  
On the smooth, resounding road.  
But a strange unearthly bellow  
Suddenly beside us rung,  
And we by the startled horses  
Almost in the ditch were flung.  
By us flashed an automobile;  
But from those enthroned therein  
Nothing that was sublunary  
Might a moment's notice win.  
Nose and chin were elevated  
As they swept in triumph by,  
As if they were aviators  
Sailing through the upper sky.  
When, half choked with dust and blinded,  
I had calmed the frightened pair,  
Jennie leaned to me and whispered,  
"That's the *automobile air*."

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

When again our team was pacing  
At a gentle, steady stride,  
Rushing like a maddened demon  
We a coming car descried.  
In a blur of dust and vapor,  
Puffing, buzzing, on it swept.  
Disregarding all our signals  
They the middle roadway kept,  
And with fixed and stolid faces  
They the rearing team surveyed,  
Wondering why we had presumption  
Their dominion to invade.  
Such a glance might Jove Olympic  
To a crawling earthworm cast  
If it dared to turn and wriggle  
While he crushed it as he passed.  
As they vanished in the distance,  
When again had cleared the air,  
Jennie leaned to me and whispered,  
"That's the *automobile stare*."

Soon, as we a hill ascended,  
On a narrow road and steep,  
Came a car behind approaching,  
Struggling hard and panting deep.  
Since there wasn't room to pass us  
And we couldn't reach the top,  
They were forced to slow their engine  
And, through loss of speed, to stop.  
While they yanked and cranked to start it,  
We proceeded on our way.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Oft a single glance betokens  
More than language can convey;  
And if glance could scorch and wither  
As a burning furnace blast,  
By their glance we had been shriveled  
When again they glided past.  
We had too much self-composure  
For their angry look to care;  
Jennie merely leaned and whispered,  
"That's the *automobile glare*."

Gaily then we trotted onward  
Till the town at last we neared,  
When a busy group before us  
Gathered round a car appeared.  
Ladies sat as patient martyrs  
On the roadside bank of green  
While their partners, grim and dusty,  
Tinkered at the stalled machine.  
One was peering at the spark-plug,  
One the battery overhauled,  
One with pincers, wrench and hammer  
Underneath the car had crawled.  
They with bruised and blackened fingers  
Tested wire and tightened screw,  
While, forgetful of the ladies,  
Hot and fast the curses flew.  
As we trotted by and left them  
*Loading sulphur* on the air,  
Jennie leaned again and whispered,  
"That's the *automobile swear*."

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### A STIRRING SCENE.

**A**UTUMN hushed the world to silence  
While September night and morn  
Flung a haze of golden glory  
On the emerald seas of corn.  
Streamlets crept with drowsy murmur  
Mazy dell and meadow through;  
Fairy fingers nightly penciled  
Forest leaf with dainty hue.  
Straggling bees from blooms belated  
Added to their amber hoard;  
Mellow sunbeams wines and sweetness  
In the flushing apple stored.

Evening's hush lay on the meadows;  
Clacking doors and ringing calls  
Told where lads their weary horses  
Guided to their littered stalls.  
Now, the muttered low of cattle  
Plodding home in straggling train;  
Now, the merry voice of milkmaid  
Faintly echoed down the lane.

But where yonder blushing maples  
Half the ample house conceal,  
Katie Lee stands making porridge  
Of the golden Indian meal.

## *And Other Poems*

---

Katie, queen of rural beauties ;—  
Katie, in whose dreamy eye  
Brimming worlds of lurking mischief  
'Neath her drooping lashes lie ;—  
Katie of the wavy tresses  
Floating down like twilight haze,  
Tangling hearts in stronger meshes  
Than the artful hunter lays ;—  
Katie of the dainty dimples  
Faint by fairy touch impressed ;—  
Katie of the heart the truest  
Beating in the human breast.

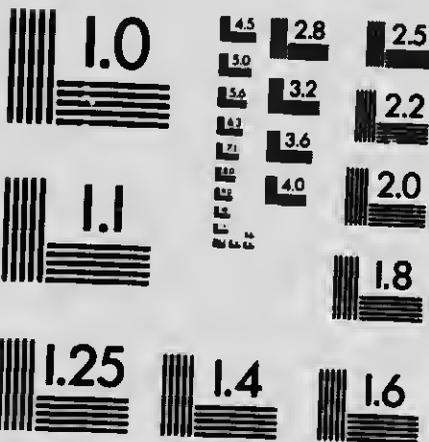
As from Katie's busy fingers  
Fell the streaming sands of gold,  
It just happened Willie Watson  
Down the grassy pathway strolled  
To the quiet room and, pausing,  
Leaned against the open door.  
(Katie might, but would not tell you  
This "just happened" oft before.)

Scarce a flash of recognition  
Katie to the caller threw,  
But perhaps her busy fingers  
Just a little faster flew.  
Yet a form so lithe and stalwart,  
Brow and eyes so frank and clear,  
Might e'en to a timid maiden  
Worth a stolen glance appear.



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## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Gazing at the living picture  
As the gloaming shadows fell,  
Silence closed his lips and held him  
Fettered by a magic spell.  
Passing strange that Willie Watson,  
Gayest lad in home or field,  
First in merriment or jesting,  
Felt his lips by silence sealed!

Still her lashes were unlifted,  
Still she uttered not a word,  
But the seething, bubbling porridge  
With increasing vigor stirred.  
Half indignant, half reproachful,  
Willie murmured with a sigh,  
"Katie, is that pot of porridge  
More attractive seems than I?"  
"Yes," the maid replied in accents  
Sweet as tinkling waterdrops,  
"This is very entertaining:  
This not only *sighs* but *pops*."

Once again 'tis mild September;  
Passing months have swiftly flown;  
Yonder's Katie stirring porridge  
In a cottage of her own.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### THE LETTER.

PERUSING this letter I fancy  
Her low, winning tones I can hear;  
The exquisite snow of its pages  
I deem like her bosom sincere.

Round her brow, of a beauty immortal,  
As she leant loving words to indite,  
Her dark, loosened locks may have floated  
Like shadowing mists of the night.

Here, also, her eyes must have rested,  
Whose soul-melting ardor divine  
Can thrill all the depths of my being  
When they flash but a glance into mine.

When I think how her dear, dainty fingers  
The pen have enclasped, or would press  
The paper with soft fairy touches,  
I long for that clasp and caress.

When I think that, when written, the maiden  
To seal it would possibly deign  
To touch with her lips the enclosure,  
I wish,—but all wishes are vain.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### THE YANTIC.

LITTLE Canada, my dear, won't you kindly lend  
an ear  
To your neighbor, Uncle Sam? And a loving one I am;  
And you know I love you more  
Than a daughter!  
I'm a mighty clever one! I'm the bravest 'neath the  
sun!  
I'm Achilles,—just about,—if you reckon on my shout!  
But you'll kindly let me stand with my feet on solid  
land,  
As I'm shaky when I go  
On the water.

I have built a mighty boat, but the tarnal thing won't  
float.  
If I venture on the sea, where a vessel ought to be,  
It's surprising how she makes  
A commotion.

For she'll bump against the ground, or cavort and roll  
around,  
Like that barrel boat, away in your own Toronto bay,  
Till I tremble in my bones lest I go to Davy Jones  
If I venture any more  
On the ocean.

## *And Other Poems*

---

If in harbor she remains, she will break her anchor  
chains,  
And will dash against the pier, or among the vessels  
near,—

For destruction, as you know,  
Is her mission.

When the other ships have fled, she will bang herself  
instead

Upon any handy rocks. As I really haven't docks,  
If she suffers more attacks she may go to—Halifax,  
Where I hope they'll soon improve  
Her condition.

If I had her on the shore, then she'd trouble never  
more;

On her decks would I parade, flash aloft my shining  
blade,

While I everlastingly  
Made my jaw go.

Now, I really think I could make a man-of-war of  
wood,

Like that painted thing I had which I called an ironclad  
(By the way, you saw it there when you came to my  
a—Fair),

Like that terror, *Illinois*,  
At Chicago.

But I have a wooden brig, that is not so tarnal big,  
Neither carries iron plate quite enough to sink her  
straight—

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

As I said, I have a brig  
    Called the Yantic.  
Now, right up through your "canawl" mayn't I the  
    vessel haul?  
I'll just take her up and keep where the water isn't  
    deep.  
When I've practised there my trade, till no longer I'm  
    afraid,  
Then perhaps I'll try again  
    The Atlantic.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### JONATHAN AND I.

*(Not Jonathan and David.)*

JONATHAN and I are neighbors,  
And our farms lie side by side,  
Mine extending to the northward,  
His to southward sloping wide.  
These from savage wildernesses  
Years ago our father won,  
Fenced them safely and accomplished  
All a father should have done.

I am yet a younger brother  
Farming in my father's name;  
But I sow whatever suits me  
And the harvest fully claim.  
Once he did the same; but wishing  
Owner of his farm to be,  
On refusal he grew angry.  
Sulked and *wouldn't take his tea.*  
Then he made it so unpleasant,  
For he had defiant grown,  
That for sake of family concord  
He received it as his own.  
This success, I think, has taught him  
To assume presumptuous airs,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

For he now is interfering  
With his older friends' affairs.  
Go he would and dine with Cuba,  
Much against her mother's will;  
Her bananas and tobacco  
Suit his stomach rather ill.  
True, he won the dusky maiden,  
With her rather vulgar ways;  
Took with her a "*philopena*,"\*  
And he now the forfeit pays.

Jonathan will let his children  
Come at will and play with mine;  
Yet if mine his lands but enter  
He escorts them to the line.  
His may search my lands and, delving,  
Bear away their precious gains;  
Mine from his may seek no treasure,  
For his own he all retains.  
Jonathan would cross and freely  
Take the timber from my lands;  
But if I prepare and bring it  
He a heavy toll demands.  
I to eastward have a fishpond;  
On the fish he casts his eye,  
And would come and freely hook them,  
Though unwilling them to buy.  
He to westward has an island  
Where the furry seals abound,

\*The Philippines.

## *And Other Poems*

---

But he seeks to hinder hunting  
For a hundred miles around,  
And, in fact, although in friendship  
Many proffers I have made,  
Yet, except at an advantage,  
With me he will never trade.

Both have distant back-lots: neither  
Knows exactly where's the line,  
But he claims the only roadway  
Leading to those lands of mine.  
I to Jonathan suggested,  
After converse vainly spent,  
We should leave it to a neighbor,  
But to this he'll not assent.  
"Come," said I, "now toss up even."  
"Very well," he said. "Now choose,"  
Winking as he tossed the copper;  
"Heads, I win, and tails, you lose."  
I have more than grave suspicion  
Thus he hinders that he may  
Toll and share the precious products  
Of my acres far away.

Though upon his ample acres  
Jonathan has wealthy grown,  
I can too be independent,  
Live and flourish on my own.  
Just across the stretch of water  
In his castle father dwells,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

And I draw to him the closer  
As my neighbors more repels.  
Jonathan has often hinted  
We no longer should be two;  
If successful, he must practise  
Some more winning way to woo.  
I shall neither vex nor coax him,  
I shall never kneel, but stand,  
Not for union, but for friendship,  
Ready with an equal's hand.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### JOHN BILL AND SON SAM.

WELL, my Sammy, so I find  
You have fully set your mind  
On a tussle with this naughty Spanish lad,  
Who too long has had abode  
In the house across the road,  
Where they say his conduct's everything that's bad.  
For a greedy hand he'll set  
Upon all his servants get;  
And if any of them venture to resist,  
He regards nor age nor sex,  
Nor of consequences recks,  
But they feel the force and fervour of his fist.  
When remonstrances you made,  
To the suffering lent your aid,  
Then you say he smashed and sank your boat for  
spite.  
'Twas a scurvy trick, if true;  
And, my lad, if I were you  
I should,—but of course it's very wrong to fight.  
I'm a very peaceful man,  
And I live so when I can,  
But I keep my hand in practice all the same:  
Those that most a fight desire

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Oft will gracefully retire  
When they find one ready waiting for the game.

I am more a man of peace  
As the weight of years increase,  
But I've done a bit of fighting in my time.  
With the father of this lad  
Many scrimmages I had,  
And I banged him in the Channel in his prime.

He is of a cruel race;  
By a trail of blood you'll trace  
Every pathway that his feet have ever trod.  
Here he robbed in days of old,  
Plundered princes of their gold,  
Blighting all the country as a vengeful god.

Bang him as I banged him, son;  
You can do as I have done;  
You are treading closely in your father's path:  
You've an arm that's quick and strong,  
You've a heart that hates a wrong,  
And such tyranny awakens all your wrath.

You can strike a sturdy blow,  
As your father learned to know,  
And your brethren to the same can testify.  
In domestic brawls, my son,  
You have some distinction won,  
But with strangers now the issue you must try.

## *And Other Poems*

---

When the fight you once begin,  
Fight with fury and to win;  
Take advice from one that's found his method sound:  
Bang him quick and bang him hard  
Till his heels fly heavenward  
And his ugly head goes bumping on the ground.

Thump him hard between the eyes;  
And before you let him rise  
Make him promise soon the region to forsake.  
Lick the rascal right away;  
After licking, make him pay  
For the trouble you have been obliged to take.

With your father's blessing ,  
Trounce again our ancient foe,  
Let us never see his hateful face again.  
I'll be standing somewhere near  
So that none may interfere  
Till you've bounced him bag and baggage back to  
Spain.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

### GOLFING ON THE GREEN.

WHEN the winter snows have vanished  
From the valley and the hill,  
When the throbbing pulse of nature  
Sends through every heart a thrill,  
When the maple leaflets peeping  
From their winter homes of brown  
Wave their tiny flags to welcome  
Spring from heaven coming down,  
When the tender blades upspringing  
On the meadow bare are seen,  
Then the bag of clubs we shoulder  
And go golfing on the green.

Life and vigor come to muscle  
From the "driver" swinging free;  
There's elation in the "gutta"  
As it rushes from the "tee;"  
To the step there comes a lightness  
And a brightness in the eyes.  
He that never ceases golfing  
Is the man who'll never die;  
For to breathe the breezy freshness  
That the swelling bosom fills  
Is a quite sufficient tonic  
For the worst of human ills.

## *And Other Poems*

---

You may play it in your boyhood,  
You may play it when you're old,  
You may play it in the tropics,  
You may play it where it's cold;  
As regards the world above us,  
I may truthfully declare  
That I never heard it stated  
That they do not play it there.  
But I'm certain when our captain  
In that other world we see  
He'll be clinging to his driver  
Hunting sand to make a "tee."

Ye that learn the game of golfing  
Learn for life some lessons too;  
Learn to take its fronting "hazards"  
With a steady stroke and true;  
Take its "bunkers" with composure;  
Do not fret when overthrown;  
When you count your comrade's errors  
Learn as well to count your own;  
Learn to trust a comrade's honor,  
And be honest in your play;  
Never stoop to put a "stymie"  
In a struggling brother's way.

Ye that love the game of golfing  
Nor its pleasures can forsake,  
In this winding earthly journey  
Ponder well the path you take.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

If your way be ever upward,  
As you ever higher rise,  
There a pleasant "course" awaits you  
On a "green" beyond the skies.  
There are fairer hills and meadows  
Than the eye has ever seen;—  
But among the smoke and sulphur  
There's no golfing on the green.

## *And Other Poems*

---

### ULYSSES.

**M**ETHOUGHT I sat upon the craggy shore  
Of Ithaca, when straying on the beach  
Came one in garb of ages long ago,  
With ample shoulders broad and bent with toil,  
Whose brown and weather-beaten face betrayed  
Long strife with storm and wind, and where the breeze  
Parted his robe were many seamèd scars.  
A Viking of the North he might have been,  
A Spanish rover of the western main,  
A king returned from those far early days  
When martial fame was virtue's only meed,  
When guile and treachery were arts of war  
And pity to a fallen foe unknown,  
When strangers all were foes, and battle just  
Whenever battle promised hope of gain.

He leaned against a shattered, fallen rock  
And told his tale, at times with voice subdued  
And falling tears, at times with frenzied wrath  
And all the lust of battle in his eye:

"I stood upon the shores of fallen Troy,  
Hard beaten by the tread of many feet,  
Where dragging down their dusky-bosomed ships  
My eager comrades labored zealously,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Weary with war and sick with thoughts of home.  
At last in rocking ships, in order set,  
With oar and sail we cleft the hoary sea,  
Each glad bark straining to the distant west,  
Where lay the little barren, rocky isle,  
The lonely hearth, and lonely child and wife.

“Athwart our course uprose a southern blast  
And swept our barks to far Ciconian land.  
The weak are lawful prize; for who by craft  
Or strength devises not a meet defense,  
Or lacks god-given courage, needs must be  
The slave of better men. We disembarked,  
Greedy for gain and captive fair and spoil  
To fill our long-neglected island home.  
Not to return at last with barren hands,  
We fell upon the ill-defended town  
And bore its wealth and shrieking dames away.  
Advancing from the inland warriors came,  
As many as are forest leaves in spring,  
Well skilled to battle in the brazen car.  
From dawn to dusky eve the armor clashed;  
Then beaten, we forsook the bitter fray.  
We left our dead, thrice calling each in vain,  
Regained our waiting barks and southward fled.

“Then frowning Jove with vast embattled clouds  
Palled earth and sea with thickest glooms of night,  
And smote and rent the sails with whirlwind wrath.  
Nine days he drove us o'er the dismal deep,

## *And Other Poems*

---

When longing eyes discerned the Lotos Land,  
Whose meads were grateful to our wearied limbs.  
Anxious to seek the homes of mortal men  
I sent along the shore a chosen band,  
Who found a people eating flowery food,  
Of war unmindful, plotting ill to none.  
Freely they gave them of their honeyed blooms,  
And straight forgotten were the leader's hest,  
Desire of home, and thought of swift return.  
Content they rested, eating lotos fruit,  
Until I, with a father's yearning heart,  
Regardless of their tears and wailings loud,  
Bore off and bound them in my benched ships,  
Till drugged and deadened hearts should beat again  
And torpid bosoms warm with love of home.

"Again we beat the deep to hoary foam,  
And reached a land of vales and mountains vast,  
Within whose lofty caverns giants dwell,  
Who neither sow nor till, but garner free  
Whatever grain the bounteous vales produce,  
And press their purple wines from clusters rich  
That Jove has ripened with his sun and shower.  
In night and gloom we landed on the shore,  
But at the touch of rosy-fingered Dawn  
The shadows fled. Afar we heard the bleat  
Of sheep and goat and voice of giant men,  
Huge, lawless, and regardless of the gods.

"One near his cave we saw, vast as some cliff  
That overpeers his fellow mountain peaks;

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

His staff a lofty fir, of branches bared,  
Snatched from the springing grove beside his path.  
Upon a grassy ledge he lay reclined  
And slept unmindful of his countless flocks.  
Eager a gift of friendship to obtain,  
Twelve worthy comrades from the ship I chose  
And in the cave awaited his return.  
At eve he came and crashed upon the earth  
His faggots dry, and cared for all his flocks,  
Then barred secure the door with massive rock.  
In terror at the monster huge and fierce  
To far recesses of the cave we fled.  
But when the faggots blazed, regarding not  
The rights of strangers, nor the gods on whom  
We called, he rushing came, and clutching twain  
He dashed them fiercely on the rocky hearth.  
Then like a lion, mountain-born, he fed,  
Rending their tender limbs with mouthings loud,  
Till gorged at last he slept among his sheep.  
But when at morn, and yet again at eve,  
The greedy giant slew his shrinking prey,  
With guile we gave him soul-subduing wine;  
And while he lay supine in drunken sleep  
We pierced with kindled bar his cruel eye.  
Then loud the monster bellowed in his pain  
And roared till all the mighty cavern rang  
And woke the echoes of the sleeping crags.  
When Morning touched the ruddy hills with light  
He moved the barrier for his bleating flocks,  
And, though he at the cavern entrance stood

## *And Other Poems*

---

And blindly groped with wide-extended hands,  
We fled concealed among his fleecy sheep,  
The fattest of his flock we drove away,  
Regained our waiting bark; and, when I thought  
We rode secure the heaving deep, I mocked  
The sightless monster. He with frenzy wild  
Broke off the beetling crags and hurled them high  
And far, and sought to crush us in our ships  
Or whelm us in the tumult of the waves.  
But foiled, he raised his hands and sightless eye  
To heav'n and prayed that we might never reach  
Our native isle, or I alone and late should come  
To troubled home. And Neptune heard his prayer.  
Thus we escaped, our comrades' loss avenged,  
But Neptune's never-dying wrath aroused  
In blinding thus his son. So hard it is  
For man to live and not offend the gods.

"Sadly and gladly onward then we sailed  
And reached the floating isle of Eolus,  
The lord of winds. He pent the adverse blasts  
Within a sack entrusted to my care,  
And gave a gentle breeze to bear us home.  
Nine days we sailed. We saw our native land  
Loom in the distance, when, o'ercome with toil,  
I dropped the rudder. Sleep relaxed my soul.  
Then my companions in their greed for gold,  
Deeming that I had treasure hid therein,  
Unloosed the leathern sack. The adverse blasts  
Escaped and swept us far from native land.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

O would the boisterous wave had gulfed me deep  
Ere I became the guide to foolish men!

“Six days we sailed both day and night, and came  
To Læstrygonian land. Here also dwelt  
A giant brood, who slew and then devoured  
My herald, crushed my ships with whirling rocks,  
And bore my men away, as spitted fish.  
To feast upon them in the palace halls.  
My ship, the most remote, alone escaped.  
Sadly we sailed and left behind, as prey  
For maws of giants, comrades dear, who braved  
The tempest and the tossing swell, nor found  
A deep though never-resting grave; who fought  
With gods and heroes on the plains of Troy,  
Nor left their corpses in its bloody dust.  
O who can know the purpose of the gods,  
Avoid their anger or appease their wrath?

“Afar we sailed to Circe’s sylvan isle,  
A fair-haired goddess, daughter of the Sun,  
Who dwelt amid a grove in polished halls.  
Adroit she was to weave the graceful web  
While chanting notes of soul-alluring song;  
Or tame the lion and the mountain wolf  
And make them crouch and fawn as playful hounds.  
Expert she was, with drugged and honeyed wine  
And touch of magic wand, fair, godlike men  
To change to groveling swine, that yet retained,  
Though couched in sty, the mind and thought of men.

## *And Other Poems*

---

"But when the hall of Circe I approached,  
The golden-wanded Hermes lighted nigh  
And gave me moly, black in root, but white  
In flower. Unharm'd I drank the honeyed wine,  
Unchanged I stood when touched with magic wand.  
Amazed that all her potent charms were vain,  
She kindly grew, and gave me goodly robes,  
And placed me on a silver-studded throne,  
Restored my comrades, gave them cloaks of wool,  
With pleasant viands, rich and ruddy wine.

"But Circe, comely, graceful and divine,  
Had other subtle charms and magic wiles  
That even moly could not counteract.  
Her beauty wove a spell about my heart,  
Her songs were soothing to my saddened soul,  
Her voice had music in its whispered tone,  
Her hand more magic than her fairy wand.  
Forgetful of my home and native land,  
On plea of weariness and needed rest  
Enchanted thus I dallied there a year,  
Whose hasting moons too swiftly waxed and waned,  
Regaled with dainty food and luscious wines,  
Within her palace halls of polished stone.

"Again we launched the ship and set our sails,  
And reached, at floating ocean's farthest verge,  
The dark Cimmerian Land, where shadows brood  
And glooms of endless night, where sun at morn,  
At noon, nor yet again at evening, sends a ray  
To pierce the chaos of eternal dark,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Where lie the gates of sombre Erebus  
And all the chambers of the cheerless dead.  
We hither came in quest of prophet old  
To read the dark decrees of rigid Fate  
And give us knowledge of the homeward way.  
Libations due of honey, wine and meal  
We straightway made. I slew the black-fleeced sheep,  
Whose dark blood into hollow trench I poured,  
Invoking Pluto and Persephone,  
The rulers of the joyless Land of Death.  
In throngs the strengthless shadows of the dead  
Approached and sought to quaff the flowing blood;  
And each that quaffed regained his mortal speech.  
But foremost of the ghostly legions came  
Tiresias, a Theban prophet old,  
Who quickly bowed him at the trench and drank.  
And when I questioned of my fate he said:  
'Thou shalt, though late, in safety yet return,  
But greatly suffer on the tossing seas  
From wrath of Neptune for his blinded son.  
Full sorely grieved is fair Penelope  
By haughty suitors feasting in her hall,  
Demanding her, a sad, unwilling bride.  
Her wrongs thou shalt in bloody wrath avenge  
With bitter shaft and ruthless brazen spear.  
Then shalt thou dwell at inland palace, far  
Removed from heaving billows of the sea;  
And after many years, in honored age  
Among a people happy made by thee,  
Shalt calmly meet the gentle call of Death

## *And Other Poems*

---

As one who after day of labor long  
At evening sinks to rest and dreamless sleep.  
He vanished. Then, with anxious, loving glance  
That beamed with earthly tenderness and love,  
My mother came with hasting steps and drank,  
And when I asked of home she sadly said:  
'Thy wife is ever faithful. As she plies  
The web among her maidens, night and day,  
Her eyes at thy delay are wet with tears.  
Thy father, bowing low in grief for thee,  
By growing age enfeebled, nightly lies  
Neglected, clad in filthy, ragged robes,—  
In winter, in the dust beside the fire,  
In summer, in the leaves amid the vines,  
Far from the palace of his absent son.  
And I, not smitten by some slow disease,  
Not by Diana's gentle arrow slain,  
But lonely, ever waiting thee in vain,  
From care, regret and love of thee have come  
To wander in the cheerless realms of Death.'  
Her low and plaintive tone, her pallid face  
Awoke the dormant mem'ries of my heart.  
Thrice I essayed her spirit to embrace,  
But thrice it flitted from my clasping arms  
Like passing shadow or a fleeting dream.  
With tender, mournful eyes she backward glance'd,  
And, with a sigh as sad as sobbing wind  
That wails and moans on lonely winter night,  
She shrank away among the ghostly throng.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

"I saw the spirits of the dames of old,  
Mothers of heroes, brides of gods and men:  
Alcmene, Leda, Ariadne fair,  
And all that won on earth immortal names.  
Some, weeping, told their many grievous woes;  
Some boasted of the prowess of their sons,  
The blameless offspring of the mighty gods.

"Then came my comrades that had fought at Troy.  
Though all are joyless in the realms of shade,  
Saddest of souls that roam the meads of Death  
Came Agamemnon, who, with shrill lament  
And dropping tears, bewailed his piteous fate:  
By Clytemnestra slain, his wedded wife—  
A bitter welcome home from years of war;  
Sent from the genial sun and blooming earth,  
Before the term of life's allotted days,  
With pallid ghosts and incorporeal shapes  
To tread the sunless pathways of the dead.

"Then swift Achilles and Patroclus came,  
Comrades in life, companions too in death.  
But when I marked Achilles' clouded brow,  
With wingèd words the hero I addressed:  
'Why art thou sad? None lived so blest as thou,  
Nor will there be in after time thy peer.  
None equaled thee upon the plains of Troy  
In grace of form or strength of mighty arm  
To lay the princely Trojans in the dust.  
In life, we Greeks adored thee as a god;  
And here among the dead thou art a king.

## *And Other Poems*

---

"Ulysses brave, speak not to me of death:  
Better a slave on earth and serve a man  
Of no estate, than king and reign supreme  
Among the cheerless kingdoms of the dead.  
But, since the dead revisit not the earth  
Nor know they aught of deeds of mortal men,  
Come, tell me of my noble son,—if he,  
Though coming late, achieved in glorious war  
A chieftain's name; or of my aged sire,  
Who, now perchance dishonored and oppressed,  
Hath yet no son to ward his waning years."

"Of blameless Peleus nothing had I learned;  
But then, because I said his son was brave  
And ever fought the foremost in the fray,  
Off went Achilles, taking mighty strides,  
Joyful, across the meads of asphodel,—  
In all the throng the only happy soul."

"And other souls I saw that cherished yet  
The thoughts of earth: brave Ajax, angered still  
Because Achilles' armor I had won;  
Wise Minos judging souls as mortal men;  
Orion chasing shades of deer he slew;  
And Hercules with mighty bended bow."

"Some saw I too enduring endless pain,  
The penalty of grievous deeds on earth.  
With greedy beak the vultures ever tore  
The breast of Tityus, the giant huge  
That seized Latona, bride of mighty Jove."

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

There Tantalus, by famine and by thirst  
Tormented, saw abundant luscious fruits  
That ever vanished from his eager grasp,  
And streamlets cool that ever fled his lip.  
There wearied Sisyphus with endless toil  
Strove up the steep to heave a stubborn stone ;  
But ever as the summit he approached  
It rolled and tumbled thundering to the plain,  
And left him baffled in a cloud of dust.

“But as in myriads yet the shadows came,  
And much I feared Persephone might send  
A Gorgon head to chill my mortal frame  
And drive me down the sombre vales of Death,  
I left the clamorous throng and quickly sought  
My comrades. Bidding them embark in haste,  
With oar and sail we swiftly sped away.

“Again we came to Circe’s sylvan isle,  
And banqueted on food and purple wine  
By comely maidens brought. Beside the ship  
My comrades through the dewy darkness slept ;  
But me enchanting Circe led away  
To fragrant secret bower. There meet reply  
I made when she with lips divine inquired  
Of all my journey to the Land of Death.

She then recounted perils that beset  
My homeward way, and how I might escape  
And yet in safety reach my native isle.  
In converse sweet the calm ambrosial night

## *And Other Poems*

---

Too swiftly passed; too soon the rosy Dawn  
With ruddy fingers drew the veil of Day.  
We early rose, embarked and set the mast,  
And fair-haired Circe sent a welcome gale  
That filled our sails, and cleft the foamy wave  
And bore us onward from the happy isle.

"Obedient to her warnings, we escaped  
The tuneful tempting of the Sirens' song,  
Alluring and so sweet that I myself,  
Though bound and fettered, yet by signs implored  
My deafened crew to near the fatal shore,  
Balancing death with momentary bliss.

"Onward we fled where in a narrow sea  
Our course by baleful monsters was beset.  
There, while we watched Charybdis gulping down  
And belching forth again the boiling wave  
With crash and roar of thunder till the foam  
Besprent the topmast rock, unseen and swift  
The serpent necks of Scylla, bending, seized  
My shrinking comrades, who, suspended high,  
Struggled and shrieked and stretched imploring hands.  
Swung to her craggy cave, with moan and cry  
Helpless they died. This saddest sight I saw  
In all my wanderings o'er the pathless sea.

"We fled in fear and horror till we reached  
The isle of Helios, whose glossy herds  
Roamed free and fearless o'er the fragrant meads.  
By Circe warned and sage Tiresias,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Recounting all their dread prophetic words,  
What ruin and disaster would befall  
If we should slay the oxen of the god,  
I urged my men to drive my bark beyond  
The isle, and thus avoid impending Fate.  
But recent fears and terror of the night  
O'ercame my crew. All swore a mighty oath  
The oxen, sleek and fat, broad-browed and black,  
Upon the grassy lawn to leave unharmed.  
But gnawing hunger broke their solemn vow ;  
For, while my eyes were weighed with grateful sleep,  
They slew the herds in which the god rejoiced  
When wheeling earthward from the fields of Dawn  
Or speeding to the starry underworld.

"Then Helios invoked the heavenly gods  
And called for vengeance from immortal Jove,  
Who sent in wrath a tempest roaring loud,  
And hurled a crashing thunderbolt of flame  
Upon our shattered ship. The crew, as gulls,  
Floated away upon the tumbling waves,  
And I alone, on broken keel and mast  
Wrenched from the ruined ship, avoided Fate.

"In desperation clinging to the keel,  
Escaping dire Charybdis once again,  
At length I drifted to the lonely isle  
Where fair Calypso dwelt, a goddess dread  
That spake with human voice. With kindly words  
She led where blazed the hearth within her cave,

## *And Other Poems*

---

With spice and cedar fragrant. O'er the loom  
She bent and blithely sang, and wove the web  
With golden shuttle. Round her grotto grew  
A cypress grove and vines of cluster rich;  
And fountains flowed in cool and limpid streams  
Through pleasant meadows fair with fragrant flowers.

"Year after year the moons had waxed and waned  
And still I lingered in Calypso's isle,  
Deploring Fate and longing for return,  
Although she promised me immortal youth  
Should I forget my bride Penelope  
And dwell in sweet enduring love with her,  
A bride immortal, stately and divine.

"Then fair Athene, moved at my distress,  
Besought the gods to send a quick release.  
Jove gave command, and wingèd Hermes flew  
Down high Olympus, o'er Pierian land,  
Across the crested wave with Fate's decree.  
Calypso then reluctantly obeyed.  
In goodly garments clad, with food and wine  
She sent me forth upon a well-wrought raft,  
Secure I rode till dimly I descried  
The misty mountains of Phæacia nigh,  
When wrathful Neptune spied my fragile craft  
And with his trident tossed the billows high,  
Awoke the winds and veiled the sky with night.  
Out-flung, I swam and reached the shore and slept,  
Exhausted, hidden in a leafy grove.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

"A shout and merry voices broke my rest.  
Nausicaa, the daughter of the king,  
A queen of beauty, stately and divine,  
Sported among her maidens on the shore.  
The maidens fled, like timid frightened doves;  
But she for my distress cared tenderly,  
Gave soul-reviving wine, ambrosial food,  
Warm, comely garments wrought of purple wool,  
And kindly guidance to her father's hall.  
Within the palace, rich with bronze and gold,  
On thrones enrobed by skilful, queenly hand,  
Arete sat and kingly Alcinous.  
They gave me courteous greeting, gathered all  
The princes of the wide Phæacian land,  
Prepared a bounteous, equal feast,  
Whereat the blind old bard Demodocus  
Began to sing of heroes and of Troy.  
While thus he sang I bowed my head and wept,  
Re-living all the glorious strife again.  
The wondering king inquiring why I wept  
I told my name and all my bitter woes,  
And long desire to reach my native isle.  
" 'Fain had I wished,' the goodly king replied,  
'That thou wouldst in my palace dwell content  
And take my comely daughter as thy bride,  
Whose heart thy woes and warlike deeds have won.  
But, since thy mind is set on swift return  
Where faithful waits thy bride of early youth,  
Rich presents shalt thou have and guidance home.'

## *And Other Poems*

---

"After deep woes and long-endured distress  
Fond, tender love is more supremely dear.  
Thus Circe's charms had won me for a time,  
Thus had the fair Calypso held me long.  
Though these were both immortals, goddess-born,  
Yet ne'er so tempted was I to forget  
My early bride and all my sorrows past  
And live secure in palace halls with one  
Within whose breast I first had wakened love,—  
A maid of kindly heart and prudent mind,  
Perfect in form and beautiful in face,  
Wearing all charms of maiden innocence.  
But thoughts of home and faithful love prevailed,  
And I besought immediate guidance hence.  
They launched a rocking ship upon the deep;  
Then brought they presents rich and numberless  
Of bronze and well-wrought gold, and purple cloaks,  
And, placing all in order, smote the sea  
With shining oars and swiftly sped away.  
But soon they reached my little rocky isle  
And laid me safe but sleeping on the shore.  
Then came Athene, stored my treasure safe  
Within a grotto, gave me meet disguise  
And prudent counsel, bade me journey first  
Where stout Eumæus kept my herd of swine.

"He, faithful found throughout the passing years,  
Regarding not my beggar's ragged robe,  
Received me kindly and recounted all  
The deeds of haughty suitors in my halls,—

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Their wasting of my substance day by day,  
Their insults to my queen Penelope,  
Their ambush laid to intercept and slay  
Telemachus returning from his quest.  
To him I told a fiction interspersed  
With truth, of how I came to Ithaca;  
And he related how Phenician men  
Had borne him from his father's royal dome  
And sold him here a slave in foreign land.  
Feasting and quaffing purple wines we sat  
While fled the night's ambrosial hours away.  
But with the morning came Telemachus.  
Glad was the welcome that Eumæus gave,  
As might a father give a tender son  
After long absence home returning safe;  
And I rejoiced to see him well-beloved.  
But when his lodge the faithful swineherd left  
To bear the queen a message from her son  
No longer I my feelings could restrain;  
But all the longings of my lonely heart  
Came swelling as a sea within my breast.  
In close embrace I clasped my gallant son,  
A helpless babe when twenty years before  
I left him smiling in his mother's arms,  
But now a youth to cheer a father's heart  
With pride and hope. With intermingled tears  
We sat while fled the waning hours of day,  
Recounting all our many bitter woes  
And plotting death for all the suitors proud.

## *And Other Poems*

---

“With morning sped Telemachus away.  
With stout Eumæus to my home I came  
In beggar’s rags disguised, upon the road  
Spurned and insulted by Melanthius,  
Who led the fattest of my bleating goats  
A savory banquet for the suitors proud.  
Argus, my faithful hound, neglected lay,  
Unkempt and ill. He rose with plaintive whine,  
But sank and died of joy at my return.  
Within the palace many a prince and chief  
In wild carousal drank my ruddy wine  
And feasted on the cattle from my stalls.  
Long unrestrained, grown insolent and bold,  
Telemachus they treated with disdain;  
My queen they pressed against her will to wed;  
Her waiting-maids they dragged away and shamed;  
They mocked my tattered rags and seeming age;  
Denied me food and smote me with their stools;  
The burly beggar, Irus, urged to fight.  
Him with a blow I crushed; then dragging, flung  
Him, gasping, groaning, near the outer gate.

“My prudent queen by stratagem the day  
Of choice had long deferred; but now at last  
The urgent suitors brooked no more delay  
And all refused departure till she wed.  
She claimed from each a costly bridal gift,  
And promised who should bend my bow and send  
A faultless shaft should lead her as a bride.  
Loud laughed my heart to see their feeble strength,

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

---

Their vain attempts, their futile artifice.  
I bade them pray for power from the gods  
And wait for morn. Then, even where I sat,  
I strung the sounding bow and sent a shaft  
That hissing sped and passed the ports of steel  
And cleft with brazen barb the door beyond.  
Then leaping up I shot a bitter shaft  
That pierced the throat of vaunting Antinous,  
E'en as he quaffed a golden double cup:  
Defiled with wine and streaming blood he fell.  
Then forth broke all my long-imprisoned wrath;  
I taunted them with all their shameless deeds,  
And one by one, as wolves, I shot them down.  
Then when the arrows failed, with sword and spear,  
With loud triumphant shout, I strove them low;  
I mocked the shrinking cowards in their death,  
And gloated o'er their dying agonies.  
Not one I spared. In heaps upon the floor  
They lay like netted fish upon the beach.  
Sweet is revenge to wrong-embittered soul!

"The aged matron warned Penelope,  
Who, as I sat beside the brazier, came,  
More stately, more divinely beautiful  
Than when I brought her home a virgin bride.  
In silence, now believing, doubting now,  
She gazed and strove my image to recall  
From misty memories of years ago,  
Nor yielded hastily her cautious mind,  
Suspicious of imposture and deceit.

## *And Other Poems*

---

At last, convinced, with tears and cry of joy  
She flung her snowy arms about my neck  
And clung with many a kiss and fond caress,—  
A kindly welcome home from years of war,  
A guerdon meet for all my bitter woes.  
In converse sweet the calm and blissful night  
We spent, recounting all that Fate had brought,  
Till gentle Slumber softly sealed our eyes  
And Silence waited for the ruddy Dawn."

He paused, and when I raised my eyes had gone;  
And half I wished the days would come again  
When all the world was fresh and young; when sea  
And sky and land yet teemed with mysteries;  
When Science had not robbed us of the joy  
Of Wonder; when the Vast Unknown gave scope  
For Fancy's dream and Superstition's dread;  
When pleasing Fear provoked the gallant soul;  
When godlike men yet trusted in the strength  
Of sinewed arm and brave, undaunted breast;  
When lonely isles were homes of fairy queens;  
When gods immortal deigned to dwell on earth  
And mingle in th' affairs of mortal men,  
Stand visible and thwart us face to face,  
Or, taking human form and human voice,  
Beside us walk as comrades hand in hand.

March, 1909.

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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### AVIATORS.

*Terra, aqua, igni, aere victo, quid ultra?*

PRESUMPTUOUS, man was deemed by poet sage  
Because he dared in fragile bark to brave  
What billows on the ocean levels rage;  
Undaunted now he stoops *beneath* the wave,  
Companion of leviathan and shark,  
Or what of dread frequents that realm of dark.

Nay more; he yokes the lightning to his car,  
Or steals its flaming torch to banish night;  
Therewith he wings his words to friends afar,  
Or dips his pencil in its flashing light;  
Therewith he distant whirls the busy wheel  
To delve the mine or shape the glowing steel.

Not satisfied to rush his iron steed  
O'er hill and valley snorting smoke and flame,  
Spurning the earth in reckless thundering speed,—  
Not satisfied of bronze and steel to frame  
His barge with heart of fire, that scorns the sweep  
Of fiercest blasts that fret the frenzied deep,—

## *And Other Poems*

---

Conqueror of earth, of water, and of fire,  
He now essays the void and viewless air  
Whose secret mysteries inflame desire  
And tempt the bold, audacious breast to dare  
The heights where soars no eagle's pinion swift,  
Nor floating clouds their sunlit brows uplift.

Roamers of worlds where man has never gone,  
Bring me the secrets of this rolling sphere.  
Who blends the tintings of the glows of Dawn?  
Whence ride the Tempests in their mad career?  
Who pilots through the azure seas the clouds?  
Where weave the Darknesses their sable shrouds?

Whence cometh Spring to wake and gladden earth,  
And where does Winter forge his crystal chains?  
Where do the restless lightnings have their birth,  
And who their wild, impetuous course ordains?  
Is Thunder's fortress in yon blue serene  
Where hold the Silences their vast domains?

Are ye endowed with more than mortal sight,  
Peering beyond our brief horizon rim?  
Ken ye the wonders of the seas of light  
Wherein our earth with all her kindred swims?  
Can ye o'erpass the pale of Time and Place,  
Afar discern and mete the bounds of Space?

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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Have ye in deeps ethereal yet descried  
The far faint loomings of "The Happy Isles"?  
What is this thrill called Life, and where abide  
Her secret springs? In what obscure defiles  
Of vastness, ever blighting with his breath  
All forms of being, lurks her conqueror, Death?

Have ye discerned beyond the Vast of Blue  
Some clime where Death no more may Life assail,  
Where Life may flee and Death no more pursue?  
Or, in the last great End, shall Death prevail  
And have dominion, broad and measureless,  
O'er blank, chaotic voids of Nothingness?

Or, is death also but another form  
Of life, or agent that prepares the way  
For fuller, higher life, when all the storm  
And chill are past? The fallen leaves decay;  
But from their dust the dainty touch of Spring  
May fragrant, radiant-bosomed flowers bring.

Can ye dissolve our doubts and nearer bring  
The long-sought hour when we shall fully know  
Life's origin and destiny, and fling  
Aside the veils of mystery and show  
Why nothing rests, from atoms of the mould  
To e'en the hugest planet we behold?

## *And Other Poems*

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What means this all-pervading energy  
Of Nature? Know ye whither does it tend?  
The streamlet hastens to the distant sea,  
Nor hath e'en there its restlessness an end.  
In all existence nothing slumbereth—  
*Is motion life and loss of motion death?*

O whither sweeps this ceaseless, endless tide  
Of being? Where and what its final goal?  
Some Hand hath made and must its motions guide;  
Some Mind Eternal planned the perfect Whole,  
And somewhere, doubtless, in his purpose vast  
Hath set a goal for each and all at last.

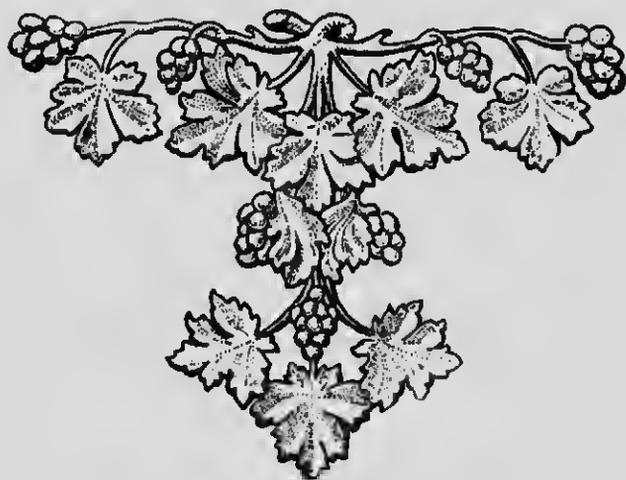
## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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FINIS.

WE SCAN the volume with a careless eye:  
Its fancy may an idle hour beguile,  
~~We scan the volume with a careless eye:~~  
~~Its fancy may an idle hour beguile,~~  
Its grief awake a momentary sigh,  
Its merriment provoke a transient smile,  
Its graver theme attract a passing thought;  
But then we close and cast the book aside,  
With half its hidden treasure yet unsought,  
And all its inner beauty undescried.

E'en so, the Book of Life we take and find  
Smiles, joys and hopes that now the heart elate,  
Frets, pangs and tears that leave a trace behind,  
And mysteries we may not penetrate;  
We then replace it in the Author's hand,  
And nothing of His purpose understand.



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